McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

VOL. LV. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1918 NO 49

INFLUENZA AT KEYSTONE AND BETULA

Influenza is raging at Keystone and Betula and condition in the former town are said to be very bad. Nearly twenty deaths have occurred in this section during the past ten days and the situation is being relieved with help from the state board of health and the Home Service section of the Smethport Red Cross of which Rev. C. H. Edson is chairman. This section is rendering every aid in its power and activities are personally directed by Rev. Mr. Edson. The school house at Betula has been converted into a hospital and is proving a very satisfactory and convenient one in which twenty patients are being comfortably cared for. The state board of health has sent Dr. E. F. White of Reading, Pa. to the assistance of the physicians of that section and two nurses from Philadelphia have also arrived there. Mrs. George Howe of Smethport is in charge of the local nursing at Betula.

The temporary hospital has relieved to some extent the deplorable crowded conditions of patients into a few rooms while families would be stricken within a few hours and one instance is related where eleven patients occupied three small rooms. Undertaker H. H. Sasse, who is obliged to make daily trips to the stricken locality was instrumental in directing the attention of local authorities to the great need for help. He told of going to a camp a few miles from the town after the body of a foreigner who had died from the disease and finding the corpse in a box car with four men who were sick with the flu. He also mentioned two houses, side by side that contained fourteen sufferers from the malady.

The MINER'S Betula correspondent furnishes the following additional particulars. There are twenty-seven patients being cared for in the school house hospital. Four nurses are on duty and more will be procured. Many are sick at their homes. Among the deaths that have occurred are Earl Chapman of Jamestown, N. Y., who died Tuesday of last week and his wife who died Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman came to Betula a few days ago to attend the funeral of Mr Chapman's mother, Mrs. Fitzpatrick. They were taken sick soon after the funeral and in spite of every effort to save them both died. Mr Fitzpatrick, another member of the same family who came here from Iowa, died Sunday.

Gallup, the little son of Mr and Mrs. Harry Gallup, died Sunday.

Some of the people who are sick at present are: Mrs. John Minnier, Bessy Minnier, Maude Minnier, Mr and Mrs. Carl Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Murray, Mr Eberly, Mrs. Frank Keenan, Arthur Keenan, Thomas Hopkins and several members of his family, Mrs Mattison, Nellie Mattison, Mrs. Estis, Marguerite Estis, Mrs. McClain, Harry Gallup and several members of his family.

EVERY MAN MUST HELP.

The Smethport fire department is anxious to impress the fact upon every able bodied man in Smethport that in the event of fire it is his duty to give his services. Those living within short distance of the business should hasten there immediately upon hearing the alarm and assist in getting out the apparatus. A great majority of the members of the department are now in the service of their country and the help of every man is needed if a fire should break out.

NOTICE.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 3, 1918

To the School teachers of McKean Co.

The United States Food Administration has designated this week, Dec. 2-7, as World Relief Week and appeal to every teacher in the United States to help make the work a success.

I therefore, earnestly urge upon you the necessity for placing the facts before the pupils of your school, and the public generally in your community, that America may do her part in saving the world from starvation.

C. W. Lillibridge,
Supt. of Schools for McKean County

A little ad in the MINER will do the business if you need help, have something to buy or sell, have lost or found something. Try a few lines.

BOROUGH COUNCIL MEETING.

A regular meeting of the Borough Council was called to order at 8:15 o'clock p. m. Monday, December 2, 1918, by the President, C. M. Colegrove.

Members present C. M. Colegrove, W. H. Hungerford, B. T. Garlick and John A. Lindholm.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved.

The following bills were read and on motion of Garlick and Lindholm were ordered paid.

P. J. McKenna, Special Police	$22.50
Fred J. Rgandlard, Special	16.00
M. H. Kelly, Hauling Freight	1.11
John J. Hallstrom, Street Com.	75.00
L. D. Gigold, Labor	21.75
C. B. Dickinson, Police	70.00
Patrick Curran, Special Police	100.00
Gaskin & Sturdivient, Auto hire	
health officer	6.00
R. C. Gleason, Col. Postage and notices to Tax Payers	6.75
B. T. Garlick, Gas, oil, etc.	9.13
Thos. H. Morrison, solicitor,	12.50
Kendall Refining Co., 1bbl oil,	6.24

Treasurer Chris Lemmler reported bal. on hand $2978.26

R. C. Gleason, Justice of the Peace pays in fines of 30.00

The following communications from the Board of Health was read.

"At a meeting of the Board of Health held on November 14, 1918, the following resolution was approved.

"That the Board of Health recommend to the Borough council that the fines imposed for violations of rules of the Board of Health during the influenza epidemic be remitted."

John Clark, Sec'y.

Moved by Garlick seconded by Hungerford that the fines imposed for violations of rules of Board of Health during the influenza epidemic be remitted.—Carried.

Contract between Borough Council of Smethport and Chas. M. Provin for permission to erect a Garage on part of Allegany street, submitted by solicitor, Thomas B. Morrison, on motion of Lindholm and Garlick was approved.

Collector R. C. Gleason was present and asked for exonerations of several dog taxes for 1917.

Moved by Hungerford and seconded by Garlick that exonerations be allowed.—Carried.

Moved by Garlick and seconded by Hungerford that Wm. F. Specht place $600.00 Insurance on Tool House Building and $1000.00 on contents including Tractor. Carried.

Guy McCoy and Fred Milroy of the Smethport Fire Department were present and stated that on account of so many of the members of the Fire Department being away, it would be necessary for the Council to cooperate with them and urge all members regardless of age, when an alarm was sounded, to turn out and assist the Fire men.

Moved by Lindholm and Garlick that we pay the Smethport Fire Department their annual appropriation of $500.00 less $120.00 paid for janitor service.—Carried.

On motion of Garlick and Hungerford the meeting was adjourned at 9:40 o'clock p. m.

W. F. Specht, Sec'y.

IMPORTANT SUGAR NEWS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov 29 1918

Smethport, Pa

Washington wires available supply of sugar is sufficient to discontinue the certificating plan on Dec. first. Effective that date manufacturers and dealers may purchase sugar without certificates but must limit their purchases to a thirty day supply until the first arrival of Cuban raw sugar which we expect between January first and fifteenth. January first this thirty days restriction is automatically cancelled. This does change the boundry line established for distribution of cane and beet sugars. Dealers will still restrict sales to consumers, to four pounds per person in the household using counter registration blanks and four pounds registration for each ninety meals served in public eating places is still effective. All distributors of sugar must keep a record of their sales. Please give publicity.

Hoke

NOTICE.

We, A. F. Reeves & Son have sold our Milk Business to Carnes and Randolph. Thanking you all for your past patronage we hope you will serve Randolph and Carnes the same as they are highly recommended to us.

adv49w1 A. F. REEVES & SON

Advertise in the MINER.

DEATH OF MRS. W. E. McCAMMAN.

The death of Mrs. William E. McCamman of Olean occurred Monday at the home of her daughter, Mrs William Murr at Scottsville, N. Y., where she was visiting, after a short illness from pneumonia.

Mrs. McCamman was for many years a resident of Smethport where she was held in the highest esteem by all who knew her and the news of her death was a saddening shock. The McCamman family moved from Smethport a little over a year ago to Olean where Mr. McCamman is employed by the Vacuum Oil company. About two weeks ago Mrs. McCamman went to Scottsville to visit her daughter and was taken sick with fatal result.

Mary Viletta Smith was born in Smethport, February 20, 1861. In September, 1882, she was married to William E. McCamman, who with one son and five daughters survive her: Mrs. Genie Mead, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs Retta Murr, Scottsville, N. Y.; Mrs. Ora Burdick, Perry, N. Y.; Mrs. Ruth Stockbridge, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Pearl Ostrom, of Olean, N. Y.; and Herman who is in service at a Texas camp. Three sisters also survive: Mrs. Retta Corry of Keating township, Mrs. Nettie Abbey of Smethport and Carrie, whose name since she was married or present residence could not be learned by this paper. She also leaves 12 grandchildren. A brother, Elmer Smith lives at Andrews Settlement.

The funeral will be held in the Methodist church at Scottsville Friday afternoon, December 6, at 2 p. m. Mrs. McCamman was a member of the L. O. T. M. of this place.

PROGRAM FOR FARMERS INSTITUTE AT FARMERS VALLEY, DEC. 11 and 12. 1918.

Wednesday Afternoon, 1:30 o'clock.
Address of welcome, Frank Hackett.
Response J. Stuart Groupe.
Clovers: Their values and how to grow them, Verne T. Struble.
War Time Poultry Feeding, W. Theodore Wittman.
Question Box.
Adjournment.

Wednesday Evening at 7:30 o'clock
Music.
Recitation.
Food Conservation—Miss Bertha Sing.
Music.
Poultry Houses, Good and Bad. (With Lantern Slides)—W. Theodore Wittman.
Music.
Adjournment.

Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock.
Making hens lay in the winter—W. Theodore Wittman.
Care and Profit of an Orchard—Verne T. Struble.
Question Box.
Adjournment.

Thursday afternoon, 1:30 o'clock.
How We Grow Potatoes at a Profit—J. Stuart Groupe.
Making our Dairy Pay—Verne T. Struble.
Question Box.
Adjournment.

Thursday evening, 7:30 o'clock.
Music.
Reading.
The Rural School, C. W. Lillibridge.
Recitation.
Advantage of Farm over City Life—J. Stuart Groupe.
Adjournment.

OFFICERS INSTALLED.

An enjoyable meeting of Smethport Lodge, No. 380, I. O. O. F. was held in the lodge rooms last Friday night. Officers were installed and refreshments served with a social session that made up an interesting occasion. Following are the names of the officers:

J. J. Johnston, Noble Grand.
L. H. Dickinson, Vice Grand.
R. C. Gleason, Financial Secretary.
Earl Gallup, Recording Secretary.
Ed Larson, Warden.
P. J. Masser, Conductor.
Chas Lemmler, Chaplain.
R. P. Oviatt, R. S. S.
L. E. Mann, L. S. S.
C. L. Irons, R. S. N. G.
John Carlson, L. S. N. G.
Geo. Rose, R. S. V. G.
A. J. Hyatt, L. S. V. G.
J. H. Herriman, I. G.
R. J. Chase, O. G.

FOR SALE.

Lime for farming purposes in quantities to suit purchasers. Inquire at Berney-Bond Glass Co.

adv49tf.

Send the MINER to your friends. A nice Christmas present—one year for $2.00, six months for $1.00.

LOY DOUGLASS KILLED; OTHER CASUALTIES

Guy A. Douglass, postmaster and general merchant at East Smethport last Wednesday night received the following official telegram:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 27, 1918.

Guy A. Douglass, East Smethport, Pa.

Deeply regret to inform you that Roy A. Douglass, Machine Gun battalion, died of gas bronchitis with exhaustion, date undetermined.

Harris, Adjutant General.

It is assumed that the message refers to Mr. Douglass' son, "Loy Albert Douglass" who was inducted into the military service as a member of Company C, Machine Gun battalion, 315th Infantry, April 4, 1918, at Indiana, Pa. He trained at Camp Lee and arrived in France about June 4, 1918. The last letter received from him was dated September 27, 1918. Deceased was born 22 years ago at Cookport, Indiana county, Pa., and is survived in addition to his father by two sisters Mrs. Darrella Fleming, Clymer, Pa. and Miss Dora Douglass, Lakeview, Pa., and one brother, Linus Douglass of East Smethport. This is the fourth victim of the war from Keating township. The news of the death of this young man reached here just too late for last week's MINER. The stricken father and family have the sincere sympathy of the community, but they have the consolation of knowing that his life could not have been given in a better cause.

Private Alfonso Dispasquatle of Betula was killed in action Oct. 6. He was a member of Co. I, 9th Inf. His father, Tony Dispasquatle is now a resident of Bellaire, Ohio.

Homer L. Thomas, a well known young young man, whose parents, Mr and Mrs. Lewis R. Thomas live in Keating township, is reported slightly wounded, having sustained his injuries, September 5.

Private Alfonso Marina of Kushequa is reported to have been severely wounded in action October 28. He was the first drafter to leave Kushequa for camp and was with the 305th ammunition train.

Private Lee Hanks of Burrows was killed in action October 7. He belongs to Company E, 112th regiment and enlisted July 3, 1917.

Sterl G. Atkins of Kinzua is reported killed in action, date is not given. Edward Baker of Port Allegany is reported missing in action.

TO THE CITIZENS OF McKEAN COUNTY.

The week of Dec. 1-7 has been designated by the United States Food Administration as Worlds Relief Week, and a message from Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator, to the Women of Pennsylvania, will be delivered to every home in Pennsylvania during the week. It is confidently hoped that you will assist the messenger-bearer in every possible way, that the desired results may be achieved.

T. F. Hanselle
Fed Food Admr for McKean County

JOHN A. FITZGIBBON AT HOME.

John A. Fitzgibbon of the Civil Service of the Canal Zone, who two weeks ago was transferred from Cristobal to Camp Gordon, Ga., arrived home Monday, having been honorably discharged. The entire examining force at the Canal Zone was disbanded. Mr. Fitzgibbon, who in November was re-elected as member of assembly, will go on the first of January to Harrisburg to take the oath of office.—Bradford Star-Record.

GOVERNMENT RURAL CARRIER EXAMINATIONS

In Smethport January 11. Men and women eligible. For free pamphlet regarding examinations write J. G. Leonard, former Civil Service Examiner, Kenyon Building, Washington D. C.

adv49w2

CHRISTMAS MARKET AND CHICKEN SUPPER.

The Ladies Aid of the Methodist church will hold a Christmas market and chicken supper in the basement of the church, Thursday, December 12 at 5:30 p. m.

adv49w1

Send the MINER to your friends. A nice Christmas present—one year for $2.00, six months for $1.00.

LETTER FROM GEORGE OVIATT.

Arcadia, Florida, Nov. 19, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father: Well the war is over now and I for one am glad; suppose you folks are, too. Had a great experience last week—was lost in the Everglades for three days and two nights; aeroplanes finally picked us up last Friday noon and brought us back. We were looking for an aviator who got lost about 60 miles from here a week ago Sunday. We had motor trouble and had to land and when we did land we landed on our nose. Had to walk about seven miles before the other planes could pick us up on account of the ground being so soft. Many wild animals there as well as deer, turkey, and all kinds of game. We had only a little food which an aeroplane dropped down to us and we got very hungry and thirsty.

We are all anxious to be home for Christmas, but have no idea when they will let us go. We may be the last ones to be mustered out but hope not. Do you ever hear from Alfred? I hope he gets home soon and is all right. I will be glad when I can get home to help you folks. Was going to try for a commission, but now that the war is over, will give up trying, although I had my application in. Have you much snow there now. I'll bet it is real cold. Would like to be home for Thanksgiving, but no chance. Will not try to get a furlough now for when I leave here don't expect to return. We will be out inside of six months. Perhaps it will be better for me to stay in Florida this winter because we fellows will freeze up north now. However if I get a chance to come home I will be there you can bet. I am feeling fine now as I took a couple of days rest after my experience last week.

Oranges are ripe now and we have all we want, although Saturdays and Sundays they have guards around the groves.

Did I ever thought of traveling some when I get out of the service but will come back home and help you if you need me. Perhaps I will go back into the oil game. Well I must close and get back to work. Hoping you are all well and happy. With love.

GEORGE OVIATT.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

We all had our pictures taken Wednesday and Friday. Instead of watching for a "little bird" it is now a little American flag. But we all dread to look at the results.

The attendance Friday was rather light. It was either from eating too much Thursday or maybe inertia from the after effects.

Now that the war is over, we are proud to say that Prof Rouh made the best four minute speech that we ever heard. What he says he means and certainly drives his purpose and meaning home with force.

I guess S. H. S. has much to be proud of First, the way our much esteemed teacher Miss Day has carried on her part of the great world war by her untiring and faithful work in behalf of the Red Cross. Second, the boys who have gone over across to bat'r'it the domineering Hun's Kultur. And last only the boys who have gone across but also the boys in the training camps and the S. A. T. C. Two fine specimens of the latter land us a call Friday.

That was certainly a mean trick to play on us. First they said that we wouldn't have School this week and then about eleven o'clock Friday, after we all had our lessons prepared for a week from Monday so it would not be necessary to study next week, they told us we had become a school again that Monday. Anyhow we got the life saver.

Who can explain to the benefit of one of our botanists the reason why some people are allergic to poison ivy even if they do not touch it, for it doesn't affect us so we never bothered our heads about it.

Our friends from Clermont have once again returned to our midst.

BLOSSOM.

WANTED.

Three brick wheelers. One setter. Three laborers. One top or One bottom setter for coal punching machine. For class of work and wages refer to the Cameron Clay Products Co. or U. S. Bureau of employment, Emporium, Pa.

adv49w1

SECOND-HAND STOVES—AND FURNITURE.

Second-hand stoves and furniture for sale. We also buy them. Call phone 26-M if you wish to buy or sell.

adv49tf. MEYER ZAFRON.

FROM THE STARS AND STRIPES.

From the current number (in America) of the Stars and Stripes, the wonderful newspaper published by the A. E. F. in France, which was obtained through the kindness of Guy McCoy, county secretary of the National Defense, the following selections are taken somewhat at random. The boys had heard peace talk until it came to be regarded as "old stuff." They had heard it again and again during the preceding two weeks. This was a sample conversation:

"Well, the captain says it's so."

"Bull, who's he? I'll wait till Foch comes and tells me himself."

Why the preceding Thursday night—that was the night the envoys came over from Spa—news that what the doughboy seems to prefer calling the "armistice" had been spread like the Spanish flu from Grandpre to the Meuse.

All along the 77 miles held by the Americans the firing continued, literally, unto the eleventh hour. At one minute before 11 when a million eyes were glued to the minute hands of a million watches, the roar of the guns was a thing to make the old earth tremble.

Many boys from McKean county were engaged to the last minute as the following paragraph which mentioned the 28th division will bear witness. The 112th regiment belongs to this division.—The town mentioned is not many miles from Metz.

Probably the hardest fighting being done by any Americans in the final hour was that which engaged the troops of the 28th, 32nd, 81st and 7th divisions with the second American army, who launched a fire-eating attack above Vigneulles just at dawn on the 11th. It was no mild thing, that last flare of the battle, and the order to cease firing did not reach the men in the front line until the last moment, when runners sped with it from fox hole to fox hole. Then a quite startling thing occurred. The skyline at the crest ahead of them grew suddenly populous with dancing soldiers and down the slope, all the way to the barbed wire straight to the Americans, came the German troops. They came with outstretched hands, ear-to-ear grins and souvenirs to swap for cigarettes, so well did they know the little weakness of their foe. They came to tell how pleased they were that the fight had stopped, how glad they were that the kaiser had departed for parts uknown, how fine it was to know that they would have a rest at last in Germany.

"No," said a stubborn little Prussian, "it's a kingdom we want." Whereat his own companions mobbed him.

The farthest north on the front of the two armies was held at the extreme American left up Sedan way by the troops of the 77th division. The farthest east, the nearest to the Rhine—was held by those negro soldiers who went to make up the old New York 15th and have long been intrigued with the French.

Up to the treat past Montfaucon and Romagne, just Romainville and up a trick rounded that morning. Over the shoulder of the ridge of Argonne and Ardennes, there gazed a boy who had been drafted in the heart of America some eighteen months before and who, with stops and starts of training on the way, had slowly journeyed from his home to the Ardennes. It had taken him six months. It had put him through the chevrons channel of the replacement system. But he had brought with him a heart of gold smaller than the dimension of his daydreams and his nightmares. He had reached the front. As he rode along he noticed a certain excitement, tingling everywhere, but perhaps that was just the mood of the front.

When finally the truck stopped and he jumped out, the boys was waiting for him.

"It is 11 o'clock. The war is over," "Hell," he said, "I just got here."

THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Sergeant Frank B. Fay, Alfred T. Bush, and Wright Smith from Camp Lee, Virginia, have returned to their homes. Capt. W. A. Ostrander of the medical corps, at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J. is also home. Each of them looks as though soldier life had agreed with him and they are busy greeting friends.

Capt. Ostrander will return to his duties Saturday.

Advertise in the MINER.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

Fight in the Ranks of the Red Cross Against Pain, Disease and Death.

They have known very well the risks they were taking the two thousand and more women who have gone to France for varied services under the American Red Cross, and the more than nine thousand nurses whom the American Red Cross has assigned to foreign duty under the United States Army and Navy Nurse Corps.

They went under orders, as soldiers do; prepared for any emergencies, as soldiers do; they assumed many strange and unforeseen tasks, as soldiers do. Literally, they went as fighters, against pain, disease and death.

A "mobile surgical unit" of nurses—those words don't mean very much, perhaps, the first time we hear them. But see such an unit follow an army up to an advanced post; see how the nurses work with steady hands beside the surgeons as the stretchers with the newly wounded are brought in. See thousands of them in evacuation hospitals, base hospitals, convalescent hospitals, tuberculosis hospitals; some of them in French military hospitals where sometimes our men are sent; see them with their specialized skill in head surgery, or fracture work, or psychiatry;—all these women who keep head and hand cool and steady, when the ambulances unload great harvests of wounded. Then we say the words "Our Nurses," as we say "Our Soldiers," "Our Sailors," "Our Marines."

On the night of March 25th, when the Germans were fast advancing, and already within six kilometers of Amiel, at outpost of Compiegne, two American doctors remained, who under order of the French government, had sent the patients and personnel of their hospital farther back the night before. The artillery was deafening, but the American Ambulance sections kept bringing their wounded to Amiel. These doctors said that as long as the American boys brought them wounded they would operate. Two nurses volunteered from Compiegne, and so in the deserted chateau the two surgeons, the two nurses and the ten drivers worked calmly on, while the buzz of aeroplanes shook the air, and the blasting guns shook the earth.

Through three takings of Belgrade first when the city was taken by the Austrians, again when it was retaken by the Serbians, and still again when it was taken back by the Germans and Austrians together, an American Red Cross nurse, Mary Gladwin, worked in the operating room. In that first capture, when nine thousand wounded crowded the wards and halls and yard of the thousand-bed hospital and doctor and nurse worked together for day and night without stopping, giving to each operation an average of six minutes, and employing emergencies inspired by the desperate need of the moment, they did not know that the city had been taken until all the stretchers brought Austrian wounded, and Austrian doctors came to their relief.

Several hundred women are working over there in the American Red Cross canteens. There are about two hundred of these canteens along the French and American lines of communication, and the women are working under great pressure, feeding thousands of soldiers. The Red Cross is also establishing canteens by military request at a number of Aviation Camps. American women conduct these stations, comprising canteen and club and reading room. Everyone of these canteens has something of the genius of home about it; and it is because of this, no less than the facilities for cleanliness and rest and refreshment, that the French government has given the responsibility for maintaining canteens for both armies to the hands of the American Red Cross.

In large numbers women are going abroad as hospital hut workers, also, and as social workers for trained service among the refugees and the repatriated. At each base hospital the Red Cross is equipping, as fast as they can be built, recreation huts for convalescent soldiers.

Clerical workers have steadily increased in number for the administrative offices. From that original group of eighteen, which as the first American Red Cross Commission to France sailed about June 1st, 1917, the organization has grown to a working force of more than 5,000 men and women.

AMERICANS FIGHT GERMS IN ITALY

Tuberculosis Experts Sent by Red Cross Will Use Latest Methods.

Included in the unit of medical and lay workers which the American Red Cross has sent to Italy are a number of the leading anti-tuberculosis workers of the country, sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association. Dr. William Charles White, who heads the unit, is medical director of the Tuberculosis League of Pittsburgh, and Dr. Robert H. Bishop, the assistant director, is secretary of the Anti-Tuberculosis League of Cleveland as well as health commissioner of that city. Dr. John H. Lowman of Cleveland, a former president of the National Association, is another prominent member of the unit. Others are Dr. Robert G. Patterson, secretary of the Ohio Tuberculosis Association; Seymour H. Stone, until recently secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Tuberculosis League; Dr. Gertrude Sturgis, secretary of the New York City Association of Tuberculosis Clinics, and N. A. Nelson, superintendent of the Cincinnati Anti-Tuberculosis League.

These men and women, at the request of the Italian government, will co-operate with that country in applying the latest approved American methods for combating the spread of tuberculosis. Some of them will be charged with the establishment of clinics where people of all ages may be examined and treated; others will devote their time particularly to preventive measures among children and in the improvement of general health, physically and educationally.

It is to the credit of the anti-tuberculosis campaign in America that it has produced specialists of such international standing that Italy wishes to call them into her service temporarily. But the campaign will be continued unremittingly here at home. Its support during the ensuing year will be derived not as heretofore from the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals, but by a special appropriation made by the Red Cross to the National Tuberculosis Association. Tuberculosis workers on their side will line up with the Red Cross in its Christmas Roll Call for universal membership.

CONTEST FOR THE JUNIORS.

A special feature during the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call will be a Junior Red Cross Four-Minute Men Contest on "Why You Should Join the Red Cross." The contest will be similar to those previously conducted by the Division of Four Minute Men of the Committee on Public Information. It will be held on Friday, December 20th, in all of the School Auxiliaries, and friends and parents of the pupils will be urged to attend.

CARGO OF SUPPLIES GOES TO ARCHANGEL

Red Cross Sends Relief Ships for Allied Soldiers and Civilians in Starving Russia.

A relief ship was recently sent from this country to Archangel by the American Red Cross with 4,000 tons of drugs, food, soap and other supplies for the use of the Allied soldiers and needy civilians in that part of Russia. The vessel's cargo was valued at $4,511,223.

Later, another ship was dispatched carrying 200 tons of similar supplies furnished by the American Red Cross, the total expenditure for the two shipments amounting to over $2,000,000.

Major C. T. Williams of Baltimore was in charge of the party of thirteen which accompanied the shipment from this country. He was formerly a member of the Red Cross Commission for Roumania. Major Kirkpatrick, at one time a member of the latter commission, but recently attached to the Army Medical Corps, heads the medical end of the Archangel expedition. Drugs and general hospital supplies constituted the greater part of the cargo sent from America.

While the chief concern of the expedition was providing comforts for American and Allied fighting men in that part of the world, all efforts were bent to get relief to the Russian soldiers who were returned from German prison camps at the rate of about [illegible] a week. The condition of these [illegible] was pitiable, [illegible] [illegible] of them were [illegible]

[illegible] to relieve the distress of the [illegible] was for the comfort, convenience and pleasure of the Allied soldiers. Just a few of these articles were playing cards, razor blades, jackknives, pincushions, mouthpieces, pencils, photographs, cameras, safety razors, whistles, grease paints, footballs, snowshoes, slippers, hockey outfits, indoor baseballs, moving picture sights, Bibles, prayer books; boxing gloves, games, music books, cigarettes, candy and dried fruits.

The need of prompt relief for the inhabitants of towns along the coast of the White Sea and on the Kola peninsula, many of whom were facing starvation, was found to be imperative. Scurvy had broken out among the people at these places, adding to the general distress.

The towns to which the relief expedition was sent are virtually isolated from the outside world because of the treacherous ice and shifting sand bars and mudflats in those waters. An exceptionally early frost even for that part of the world, ruined the harvests, which were expected to improve conditions. Statements, printed in Russian, explaining the work of the Red Cross, were distributed among the inhabitants.

Dear Reader, You're Wanted on the Phone

The Red Cross Ready for Peace

THE following message has been telegraphed by the War Council of the American Red Cross to each one of the 3,857 chapters:

"On February 10th, last year, nearly six weeks before the United States declared war, National Red Cross Headquarters advised its chapters to prepare for war. That which has followed in the record of the Red Cross in helping to win this war and to relieve the suffering growing out of it, constitutes something of which every American citizen has a right to be proud. Every American Red Cross worker must feel a sense of gratitude in having had a share in it all.

"The moment is now come to prepare for peace. Until peace is really here and our soldiers home there can be no relaxation in any Red Cross effort incident to active hostilities.

"But even with peace, let no one suppose that the work of the Red Cross is finished. Millions of American boys are still under arms. Thousands of them are sick and wounded. Owing to the shortage in shipping, it may take a year or more to bring our boys home from France. But whatever the time, our protecting arms must be about them and their families over the whole period which must elapse before the normal life of peace can be resumed.

"Our soldiers and sailors are enlisted until the Commander-in-Chief tells them there is no more work for them to do in the war. Let every Red Cross member and worker—and this means both men and women—show our returning soldiers and sailors that to care for their health, welfare and happiness we are enlisted for no less period than they are.

"The cessation of war will reveal a picture of misery such as the world has never seen before, especially in the many countries which cannot help themselves. The American people will expect the Red Cross to continue to act as their agent in repairing broken spirits and broken bodies. Peace terms and peace conditions will determine how we may best minister to the vast stricken areas which have been harrowed by war, and for this great act of mercy the heart and spirit of the American people must continue to be mobilized through the American Red Cross.

"On behalf of the War Council, we accordingly ask each member of our splendid body of workers throughout the land to bear in mind the solemn obligation which rests upon each one to 'carry on.' We cannot abate one instant in our efforts or in our spirits. There will be abundance of work to do, and specific advices will be given, but even at the moment of peace let no Red Cross worker falter.

"Our spirits first now call us to show that not the roar of cannon or the blood of our own alone directs our activities, but that a great people will continue to respond greatly and freely to its obligations and opportunity to serve."

CANTEENS SERVING U. S. TROOPS IN ITALY

The American Red Cross canteens, which serve at railroad stations, important points on highroads, and in towns and villages throughout the Italian zone of war, are now serving American troops. These canteens have been operating during the past six months for the benefit of the Italian army and its allies, greeting the soldiers in their passage from one point to another with coffee and American crackers and jam. But it is only recently that the khaki-clad fighters from across the sea have been added to the number of those served at the Red Cross rest stations.

Numerous bowling greens have been established by the American Red Cross in the tuberculosis barracks of Paris.

BOYS AWAIT BULLETIN FOR NEWS FROM HOME

American soldiers in camps and hospitals in Great Britain are now able to keep in touch with affairs at home through the medium of a daily bulletin service which has been established by the American Red Cross.

Army officers say the service fills a long-felt want, providing the men with sporting and home news they cannot find in the English newspapers.

The arrival of the bulletin is now one of the big daily events. In this connection a Red Cross worker in England sends the following message to National Headquarters in Washington:

"After talking with the boys about the daily news service I have been told to notify you that if the bulletin is discontinued you will be court-martialed and shot."

HELP BRAVE BELGIANS DRIVE OUT ENEMY

American Red Cross Aids With Supplies and Comforts in the Equipment of Valiant Army.

IT is particularly interesting to Americans to know the tremendous work which the American Red Cross has done toward relieving distress in Belgium. Among the many things done for King Albert's gallant little army by the Red Cross the following are a few:

It established a dining room and reading and writing room at the warehouses in Le Havre.

It gave a plate and a bowl to 6,000 munition workers in —— to use at their meals.

It fitted up recreation rooms for workers at munition plants.

It installed a co-operative restaurant for the military personnel of the Maritime Agency at Le Havre.

It installed shower baths and a barber shop for the army garrisons in Le Havre.

In army training centers the Red Cross gave household comforts, phonographs, games, etc.

It established a dormitory for 200 men at the Home for Permissionaires at Calais.

It established a canteen and library at Calais.

It established another canteen for the personnel of sanitary trains.

It gave material and games for a canteen for the personnel of the naval base at ——.

It gave the same for a canteen for the personnel of Belgian seaplane units.

It equipped a mess for the personnel of the unit at Calais.

It gave tents, canteens, reading rooms and shower baths for the personnel of the Bourbough bakery.

It organized dining rooms for searchlight companies and artillery batteries having fixed cantonments, and installed shower baths in them.

It distributed [illegible] enameled plates and cups for soldiers in the trenches.

It gave prizes for organized athletic [illegible].

It sent presents to each man decorated for bravery. These presents are usually razors, pipes, fountain pens and such. Up to now this work has only applied to the infantry.

The Red Cross provided the apparatus and films for cinema shows. Eight thousand soldiers see them every day.

It supplied books for all soldiers.

It installed a recreation and writing room at the large canteen at La Panne.

It presented to every infantry and cavalry regimental surgeon a medical traveling case holding a set of medical instruments for field service.

This work required an appropriation of approximately 1,250,000 francs.

Straight from the front is this comment of a Belgian colonel. It was made recently while he was sitting in his dugout talking of the work of a canteen for which the American Red Cross had just provided quarters on very short notice.

"One live demonstration like this is better than a year of talk."

American Red Cross has erected a barracks at Dijon, France, to serve as a day nursery for the children of the French women who work in the United States Army camouflage factory.

If We Don't Have What You Want WE CAN GET IT FOR YOU!

A Complete Line of REXALL RUBBER GOODS The Guaranteed Kind.

ALL STANDARD PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.

MARTHA WASHINGTON CANDIES. Fresh Every Week.

NATIONAL CIGAR STAND.

Hegarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

PHONE 52J.

Magazine Agency

WHY NOT GET A MAGAZINE FOR CHRISTMAS

Special Prices on Christmas Gift And a Fancy Card Sent With First Number.

Mrs. H. L. Backus

Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE.

Smethport, - - Pa.

Having bought the GROCERY BUSINESS of George M. Morrison.

I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY

Phone 9-2-J

SMETHPORT, - PA.

NEGLECT

of the Storage Battery in your car is the cause of most of your troubles with ignition, lighting and starting. A little care; a frequent inspection; will save you money and annoyance. We will be glad to give you this inspection and service.

PREST-O-LITE BATTERIES

are a lively, healthy source of power. When you elect a new battery for your car the Prest-O-Lite Battery will insure superior service and satisfaction.

Sold by

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY AND BAKED GOODS AT

BRASTED'S Bakery

Make Your Coal Last Longer

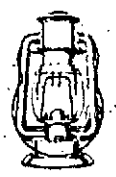
Fix the fire earlier in the evening, light your Perfection Oil Heater and keep cozy-comfortable no matter how cold it is outside. You are sitting in only one room so why keep the whole house hot?

You can always take your Perfection wherever you want to be, any time of day or night. It gives a steady, radiant heat and it *is safe*. When you use

ATLANTIC **Rayolight** OIL

you are always certain of getting satisfactory results. For it has qualities not found in ordinary kerosenes. Atlantic Rayolight Oil is so refined and purified that it burns without smoke, smell or sputter. Use it in your lamps and lanterns, too. It gives a clear, brilliant yet mellow light.

Rayo Lamps
The always reliable light makers. Handsome designs for every room. Give a clear, mellow light. Ideal for all purposes. At your dealer's.



Rayo Lanterns
Safest and best. Give a piercing, far-reaching light in the darkest night. Durable construction. Oil founts never leak. At your dealer's.

Go to your dealer *now* and select your Perfection Oil Heater. They are reasonably priced—$6.65 to $10.00.

The Atlantic Refining Company
Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware

Now is The Time

Start a Bank Account NOW

means more money for you than starting one six months from now. DO IT TODAY. Tomorrow, today will be yesterday.

By depositing regularly, you bring out your best. COME TO OUR BANK AND DEVELOP YOURSELF.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport Pa., Thursday Dec. 5, 1918.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Musser Bros. Co. have an advertisement this week with the true Christmas flavor.

M. M. Pomeroy who had been a patient in the Bradford hospital, returned home last week Tuesday.

The Junior class of the Smethport High school entertained the Senior class at the high school last week Wednesday evening.

You are invited to be present at the morning services at the Methodist Episcopal church, when the subject of the sermon will be: "Reconstruction."

Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Auction Bridge club at her home on Main street last week Tuesday. An elegant six o'clock dinner was served and the evening spent playing cards.

Mrs. C. J. Vanblad entertained a party of young ladies at her home on Water street last week Wednesday evening in honor of her daughter, Miss Sarah Vanblad's nineteenth birthday anniversary. An elegant six o'clock dinner was served by Mrs. Vanblad and the evening spent in a social way.

The MINER is under obligations to C. M. Thomas of the U. S. S. Von Steuben for a copy of the "Von Steuben Rag", a lively piece of music composed by two of his shipmates. It is full of "pep" and we would certainly like to hear the ship's band and chorus when they all join in on this jazz masterpiece.

The members of the Federated Men's Bible Classes are requested to meet in the basement of the M. E. church, Friday of this week, at 8 p. m. Address by C. S. Hamlen. Subject: "Five Bugle Blasts from the Home Camps" and "Over There." In view of the great task awaiting the Christian church, a large attendance is desired.

Rev. Arthur Gregson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, attended district conference at Olean N. Y., Tuesday and Wednesday.

Next week the MINER starts the publication of that thrilling, intensely interesting serial "The Light in the Clearing," by Irving Bacheller. This is a story written in the best style of that famous author and will be enjoyed by old and young, especially by children. Do not miss the opening chapters. New subscribers may secure the back numbers containing the *serial* with a trial subscription for 50 cents.

A petition is being circulated in Shinglehouse to provide street lights which it will be presented to Food Administrator H. A. Garfield requesting that the patrons of the Power Gas Co. be allowed more than 24 cents per thousand foot of gas per month. Any private house will burn more than this amount during winter months. There is plenty of gas in this field and no reason exists why they should not be allowed a sufficient amount.

Timothy W. Collins, aged 67 years, former resident of Bradford and Mt. Jewett and well known throughout the county, died at Cattaraugus, N. Y. where he had recently located and purchased a store. Sunday morning. Mr. Collins was station agent at Mt. Jewett for many years and later was freight agent at the Erie station in Bradford. In younger days Tim Collins was known as a baseball player. He leaves a wife and three children.

Teachers institute for this county has been declared off for the year. Three times has Superintendent Lilliendale had instructors and entertainers engaged, publicity prepared and everything ready for a session of institute this fall. Each time he has had to postpone on account of influenza. While Smethport has escaped an epidemic it was thought best to cancel the institute for the year as the disease is still prevalent in various sections of the county.

Myer Rice of Keating township departed Monday morning for Preston, California, where he will pass the winter. Mr. Rice's health is improved which is welcome news to many friends.

The body of Wallace C. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Johnson of No. 117 Center street, Bradford whose death occurred Saturday of pneumonia in a hospital at Saul Ste. Marie, Mich., was shipped Sunday evening to Bradford.

Fire at an early hour Saturday morning entirely consumed the steel sheeted structure used as a machine shop at the plant of the Custer Coupling works at Bradford and also destroyed valuable machinery which it sheltered. The loss is estimated at $20,000. The origin of the blaze is unknown.

LETTER FROM PAUL DENNING.

France, Nov. 11, 1918

Dearest Mother, Father and All:

The greatest day of the world at last has come and peace, glorious peace, has come to us and the thrills that go through me I cannot explain. The band is playing outside and all is so glorious. Just a few minutes ago our band gathered in front of one of the buildings. Imagine the picture, a shell-torn town a few hundred of us standing in excited groups talking over the great events. Suddenly the notes of the most wonderful piece of all, "The Star Spangled Banner," came to our ears and we all snapped to attention and saluted the grand old piece that proclaimed peace to us all and to all the world. The tedious weeks and months so deep that stood during those sad times the tears came to my eyes as I thought of the joys of my comrades and dear ones and always there was the feeling of sadness for my dear old comrades who had fought, bled and fell for the cause. I know there is great rejoicing in America. I rather dare to try and write of it as it is all so wondrous. Bowing our heads in thanks to God for this great and wonderful blessing ever given to man we must give prayer and thanks to Him as only through Him and His righteousness has this come to pass. My pencil cannot write the thoughts that are in my mind. I can hardly realize that it is so, but I know it is for at 11 o'clock today all guns became silent and how strange it seems not to hear them roar and whistle and shriek. All is joyous and the fellows are parading and our band is playing our favorites. The Old Gray Mare. One of the peculiar things about this is that peace was declared, I mean the armistice signed, on the 11th month, 11th day and 11th hour. Wasn't that a singular coincidence. I think it was very peculiar. I am writing in the Y. M. C. A. now and quite a few of us are here talking over. Mamma you will tell sister and all that I will write as soon as I can and let them know all about things. You and papa and all keep up brave hearts and before long, Howard and I will return and oh, what a home-coming it will be. I can hardly wait until I see the grand old emblem of liberty and justice in New York harbor and God speed the day when we may all return. I am quite excited by the doings outside and will write again tomorrow when I can write more steadily. So dear all I will say good afternoon and God Bless you.

Your loving son and brother.

Sergt. Paul J. Denning.
1st Bn H D Q 112th
American Ex F

INVISIBLE WOUNDS CALL FOR CLOSEST ATTENTION.

What of the soldier who comes back broken within by the ravages of modern warfare? What of the man whose lungs have been seared by the poisonous gasses of the enemy. What of the "nerve-racked, shell-shocked fighters, the victims of liquid fire and tuberculosis? They open their wounds quite as honorable as their brothers who are obviously handicapped, but the wounds they carry are invisible.

"There is always a disposition on the part of the public to recognize the obvious. Outward show makes an easy appeal and the brains and effort behind it are generally ignored.

Captain Arthur H. Samuels, S. C., U. S. A., managing editor of "Carry On," the official organ of the Surgeon General of the United States Army in his modern campaign for intelligent reconstructive work among returning soldiers, is responsible for the quoted remarks in the course of an article on "invisible wounds".

The latest available statistics show that the American Red Cross established 29 tuberculosis stations in Europe. Now the inmates of these stations are to be returned to America and taken where?

The recent epidemic of influenza medical records show, has left many lungs with incipient tuberculosis, a condition which if given immediate treatment, would yield and the victim be returned to society as an asset instead of a menace.

Some sanitoria are available for the care of these victims of "invisible wounds" but in none are the facilities adequate. The waiting list, always a long one, will now be longer unless the public decides to assist itself by providing enlarged equipment

Influenza and kindred diseases start with a cold.

Don't trifle with it. At the first shiver or sneeze, take

CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE (HILL'S)

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

The Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League is an institution indigenous to northwestern Pennsylvania. Its officers are made up of the most substantial business and professional men of this section of the state. It maintains Bon Air Sanatorium at Falls Camp, McKean county, and Grand View Sanatorium near Oil City, Venango county.

To the extent of the limited resources of these sanatoria, patients are cared for whether with or without financial means. The funds that public contributions are required to maintain the establishments. As no Red Cross Christmas seals are to be sold this season, public spirited citizens are requested to send checks to Treasurer C. G. Dorn, Bradford, Pa., for contributions to meet the pressing demands of the season now.

At Bon Air Sanatorium we are erecting a building known as the "Healing Hall" to take the place, in part, of some of the buildings that were destroyed by fire a year ago and will permit examinations under conditions not now obtainable.

At Grand View Sanatorium we are just completing an infirmary which will accommodate eighteen more cots. This will be ready as soon as we can obtain beds and bedding and will make a great addition to Grand View.

These institutions are working in co-operation with the civilian relief committee of the Red Cross and if they are to serve returning soldiers and sailors to the extent desired, the generous public which has given so freely to win the war must be relied upon to reconstruct these hapless victims.

Reconstruction is a popular term for after-war activities of a political nature but it is none the less applicable in less partisan lines.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Violet Berger
vs.
John E. Berger
No. 6, June Term, 1918

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County Greeting.

Whereas Violet Berger did on the 15th day of February 1918 prefer her petition to the said Judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John E. Berger.

We therefore command you the said John E. Berger that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December next and show cause if any you have why the said Violet Berger your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
H. G. Berghouse, Lib. Atty.
E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
Nov. 9, 1918. adv4w4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Hulda Alfreda Urentia Ritter
vs.
William John Ritter
No. 79, June Term, 1918

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County Greeting.

Whereas Hulda Alfreda Urentia Ritter did on the 25th day of April, 1918 prefer her petition to the said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you William John Ritter.

We therefore command you the said William John Ritter that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December next and show cause if any you have why the said Hulda Alfreda Urentia Ritter your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
R. J. Campbell, Lib. Atty.
E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
Nov. 9, 1918. adv4w4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Harrison B. Kidder
vs.
Rose Kidder
No. 58, October Term, 1918

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County Greeting.

Whereas Harrison B. Kidder did on the 23d day of July prefer his petition to the said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into you Rose Kidder.

We therefore command you the said Rose Kidder that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday of December next and show cause if any you have why the said Harrison B. Kidder your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
W. F. Burdick, Lib. Atty.
E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
Nov. 9, 1918. adv4w4t.

MICKIE SAYS

JERRY, SOMETIMES I WISHT YOU WUZ A DOG SO'S I COULD SICK YOU ONTO THE FELLERS WHO COME IN, WHEN WE'RE JEST ABOUT READY T' GO TO PRESS, WITH A WHOLE WAD O' COPY THAT MAKES US LATE WITH THE PAPER AND RUNS US ALL RAGGED BESIDES
CHARLES BOWSER

MILLINERY FOR FALL.

We are ready for your fall trade with the season's choice offerings in millinery. This season's offerings are especially beautiful and every woman will be interested in our display. We cordially invite you to call and see if your particular style is not here. Every effort is made to please our patrons. CARRIE CLARK.
ad36wtf.

On his way to the Old Reliable Store.

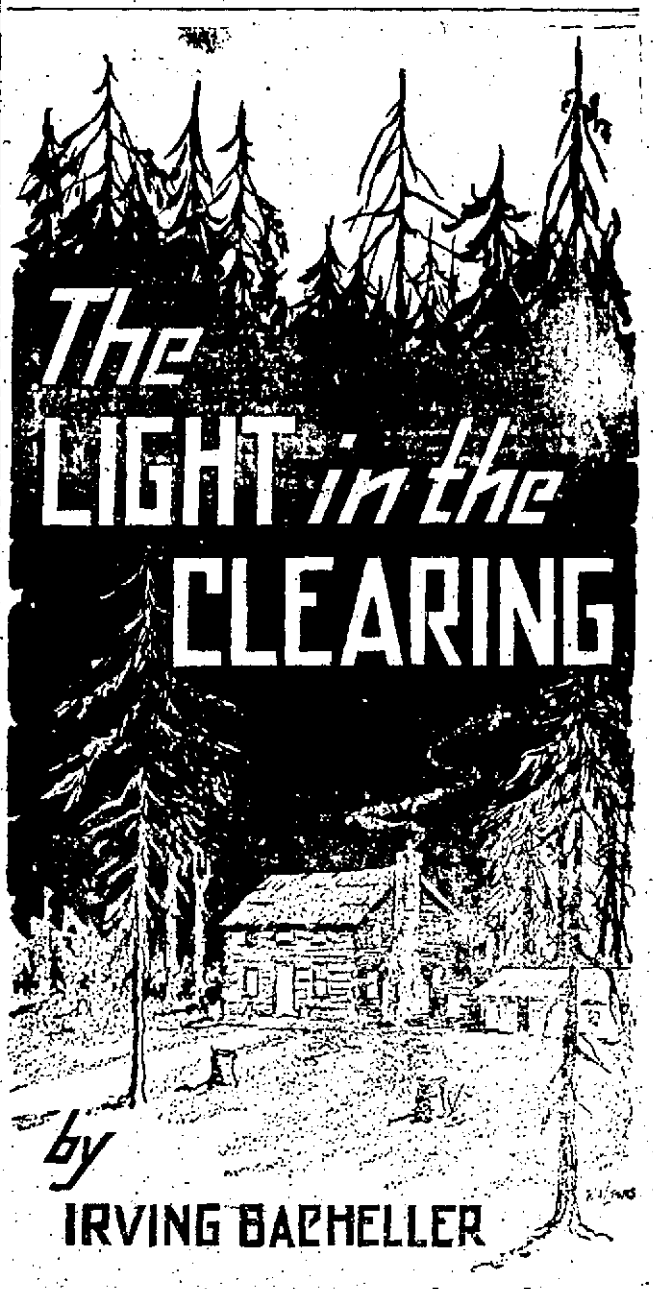
To Save a Doctor Bill

Shoes and Rubbers to Keep your feet dry.

Good Underwear to Keep Your Hide Warm.

A good heavy and dressy overcoat that is guaranteed, $25.00.

H. W. RUBIN & SON



This is a story that takes you back to the busy days and simple lives led by our American ancestors three-quarters of a century ago, when character was formed in the home. What was true of the little northern New York community in which most of the action is laid also may be said of American rustic life of the time in general. We want you to read the new serial

The Light in the Clearing

for you will enjoy the simplicity and charm, the sympathy and understanding, the humor and wisdom the author of *"Eben Holden"* has injected into this entertaining piece of literature.

Don't Fail to Read the Opening Installment!

THIS STORY STARTS NEXT WEEK

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday December 5, 1918.

The peace delegates as named by President Wilson, to state it mildly, have caused a wave of uneasiness throughout the country. There is no gainsaying fact that the peace commission is unsatisfactory even to the President's most ardent supporters. It is composed as follows:

President Wilson.

Robert Lansing, Secretary of State.

Henry White, former ambassador to France and Italy, a German sympathizer at the beginning of the war, father-in-law of a Prussian count who was one of the household officers of the former kaiser.

Col. E. M. House, a Texas politician.

General Tasker H. Bliss, representative of the American army with the supreme war council at Versailles.

Repudiated by the voters of the country at the recent election the President still insists on playing a lone hand at the most momentous conference in the world's history as with the possible exception of General Bliss these delegates are ardent believers in Wilsonianism. Great Britain and France are looking askance at this strange delegation to represent the great United States, and it is comforting to know that they will not tolerate any balderdash of the character with which this country has become painfully familiar, even though the influence of the United States at the peace conference is reduced to the vanishing point.

The Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League of Northwestern Pennsylvania is an institution that deserves the attention of all people who have the welfare of suffering humanity at heart, especially at this time. Hundreds of returning soldiers will be in need of treatment for tuberculosis, so aptly termed the "invisible wound." Exposure in the trenches and in other lines of their duty has fastened this terrible affliction upon soldiers who deserve as much of your tender consideration as though they had been maimed by shot and shell. Bon Air sanatorium at Bells Camp, McKean county and Grand View sanatorium near Oil City are, the two locations for the treatment of the disease that should interest benevolent people of this section of Pennsylvania. Remember that these institutions need equipment during your merry Christmas holidays and send a check to Treasurer C. G. Dorn, Bradford, and help them meet their most pressing demands. No Red Cross Christmas seals will be sold this season so the welfare of these institutions is entirely dependent upon the consciences of public spirited citizens.

The government has commenced the reduction of its wartime working force of clerks. Many of these are women who come from distant parts of the country and owing to the prices they have been compelled to pay for food and lodging in Washington some of them are destitute upon receiving their discharge. It is said that five or six girls were often obliged to occupy one small bedroom on account of the exorbitant charges for room rent. It is thought that Congress will make some provision to get these destitute workers back to their homes.

While the enforced postponement of the McKean County teachers' institute on account of danger from influenza contagion may be all right from a basis of safety first, there was absolutely no excuse for that resolution passed by Port Allegany's health board stating that "influenza was prevalent in Smethport." Even as a matter of fact it was not one case of influenza in this borough. It shows a deplorable lack of ordinary intelligence to pass a resolution of that kind without taking the trouble to ascertain the facts.

Fuel Commissioner Garfield in limiting the amount of gas that may be used per family per month has again "pulled a home" as they used to say in base ball. The commissioner should follow his order to its natural conclusion and limit the weather to reasonable bounds. Keep the thermometer well above zero and no one will complain. If Mr. Garfield could be suddenly transported from his comfortable steamheated office in Washington to a 40 below zero morning in Northern Pennsylvania the experience might be enlightening.

The Saturday Evening Post calls attention to the fact that if you sympathize with Germany because it is the under dog you are giving your sympathy to a mad dog.

All efforts to save the New York & Pennsylvania railroad have been abandoned and the junkers are now busily at work tearing up the rails, preparatory to a complete abandonment of the property. This will be a serious blow to the towns along the line of the road and to several it will be a death blow. It is reported that the town of Canisteo is already being made to feel the effects of the loss of the road and that many of her industries are to quit the town. Half dozen times in the past four years efforts have been made by the towns and farmers living along this railroad to save it from the junk pile, but without avail. Since work on tearing up the railroad has been started another effort was made to buy the road by popular subscription, but the necessary amount could not be raised. The road from Canisteo, N. Y. to the Pennsylvania state line is now being torn up. This is the second New York state road to go to the junk heap since Democratic administrations assumed control of affairs. The Buffalo & Wellsville railroad was abandoned a few years ago and now is only a memory.

Either Thomas J. Mooney, who was sentenced to die December 13 for participating in the bomb murders at a preparedness parade in San Francisco is guilty or he is innocent. President Wilson urges Governor Stephen of California to commute Mooney's sentence to life imprisonment and Governor Stephen has done so. That the President played politics upon this unwarranted occasion is openly charged by the conservative press of the country, and his action far from being favorably received by organized labor has made it even more insistent that Mooney be granted a new trial, to the extent, indeed, that a nationwide strike is threatened. Personally we believe that Mooney is an innocent man who was railroaded to the shadow of the gibbet, but certainly there can be no middle ground. If he is guilty he should receive capital punishment—the crime was a fiendish one, and if he is innocent his freedom should be quickly restored. It is a matter of justice into which politics should not be allowed to enter.

When the national administration placed vaudeville performers and moving picture actors in the class exempt from military service a somewhat indignant public wondered why. The answer today is before anyone who attends the entertainments provided by these beneficiaries of an amazing bounty. Studiedly, ostentatiously, and obstructively the name of President Wilson is glorified and his claims for a third term artfully advanced. However, the public is wise and those whose sons, sweethearts and husbands have been taken from useful and productive occupations to fight for the nation have very little use for the propaganda pressed upon them by greasy Thespians who are kept in the safety zone by personal prudence and presidential favors.—Fort Wayne News.

George Creel, chairman of the committee on public information, thanks the publishers of the United States for their adherence to self imposed rules of censorship. This is refreshing from a journalist who has never learned that the first principle of newspapering is this: not what to print, but what not to print. Mr. Creel's chief accomplishments have been to wield censorship over a fraternity that has forgotten more about patriotic self-suppression than he ever knew, and to give official approval to news and photographs so apparently faked that no accredited newspaper correspondent could have been deceived into sponsoring them. Well, good-by George. Take keer o' yerself.—Chicago Tribune.

Here's hoping that no one will be so vapid as to refer to the world war as "the late unpleasantness." That is one of the ravages of the civil war that has never been entirely eradicated.

We are proud, immensely proud, of the fact that the establishment of American ideals has been made the primary purpose of the war, and that they are to be the essential principles of peace. We are proud that it was given to us to become the deciding factor in the glorious conclusion. But we must remember that we have but shared in the work. We must not detract one whit from the splendor of other achievements. We must not forget that each and every nation has played its part nobly in the struggle. We must not forget the tremendous sacrifices besides which ours are but little. We must not forget the invincible spirit that maintained an unbroken front through years of awful anguish.—St Louis Globe Democrat.

Once there was a country editor who accumulated $100,000. This comfortable fortune was his reward for working diligently night and day for many years and practicing the strictest economy. The fact that a relative died and left him $99,999 also helped in the big result.

CORYVILLE

News from a Neighboring Town That Is Largely Personal.

Mrs. D. E. Windsor was a recent guest of her sister Mrs. Goodrich at Olean, N. Y.

Frank Walker of Chrystal was a guest on Thanksgiving day of Miss Elka Moody.

Mrs. Ellie Hartson of Rochester, N. Y., is a guest of her daughter, Mrs Bertha Hokanson and Miss Lucy Hartson.

Mrs. Marian Trank and son Paul, were guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fairchild, for a few days

Vernon Rees is in Portville, N. Y., where he has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Guenter were recent business visitors in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. Y Tyler, son Verna of Sargeant were over Sunday guests of their son Zetto and family.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hokanson entertained twenty relatives Thanksgiving

Miss Lucy Hartson was in Port Allegany over Sunday a guest of her cousin Eva and Leona Rees.

Miss Edna Rees has returned to Eldred where she is attending school

Meyer Rice left on Monday for California to spend the winter with his son Philip, Rice and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morris were recent business visitors in Eldred.

Albert Rice of Larabee was in town Monday.

Roy Clark was in Smethport Saturday.

Mrs. A. B. Washburne was in Eldred recently on a business mission.

Mrs. B. F. Cory left for Jamestown N. Y., on Friday last called there by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Mae William and granddaughter, Miss Lillian Williams, who are ill with influenza. The many friends in Coryville of Mrs. Williams and Miss Lillian hope soon to hear of their complete recovery.

There were services held in the church last Sunday, the first for several weeks.

The Missionary meeting was held in the church parlors Tuesday afternoon.

FOR SALE.

1horse, harness, buggy, platform wagon, 1 cutter and one Sharples Tubular Separator, number two.

OLAF HECTOR, West King St.
adv48w1*** Smethport, Pa.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1918.

First, Final and Distribution Account of J. B. Kelly and O. L. Bard, Administrators of the Estate of Jane C. Kelly, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Willis B. Glass, Executor of the last Will and Testament of A. D. Van Norman deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Edna B. McKallip, Black, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of J. H. McKallip, deceased.

First, and Final Account of E. T. Smith, Guardian of Robert J. Purtle, late a minor child of George T. Purtle, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Addison D. Crisman, Guardian of Harrison Crisman, late a minor child of Martha Crisman, deceased.

First and Final Account of John Larson, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Carlson, deceased.

First and Final Account of Kane Trust & Savings Co. Administrator of the Estate of Sarah E. Mosher, deceased.

First and Final Accounts of Eve Richardson, Administratrix of the Estate of L. M. Richardson, deceased.

First, Final and Distributing Account of W. P. Watson, Administrator of the Estate of Zenobia Watson, deceased.

First and Final Account of A. Wilson, Administrator of the Estate of A. O. Cory, deceased.

First and Final Account of W. E. Burdick, Administrator of the Estate of W. C. Neil, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Elvie DeGolier, Guardian of Ruby DeGolier, late a minor child of Samuel M. DeGolier, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Mary Desmond, Administratrix of the Estate of Thomas Geary, deceased.

First and Final Account of James Henretty, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Dominick McLaughlin, deceased.

First and Final Account of Walter H. Edson, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Nora T. Kingsley, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Smethport, Pa. Register.
November 2, 1918.
adv 46w4

THE CHAMPION WOOD, GAS OR COAL HEATER.

One of the most satisfactory heaters for sale on the market.

CHAS. W. MASSER,
Smethport —:— Penna.
Hardware.

LOOK! LOOK! WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER.

A high grade coffee for only 22 cents a pound. All grades of Teas and Syrups at reduced prices. A package of 20 Mule Borax Soap slips given away free, with all cash purchases this week.

Come in and let us tell you how to get a fine stand or a (Betsy Ross) sewing stand almost free by trading in cash at our store.

The Lindholm Grocery,
Telephone 16-M.
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of building from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

FIGHT THE FLU WITH GOOD EATS.

Half the battle is won if your system is nourished with good food. Get the pure unadulterated lines of food stuffs—the kind we sell here.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

JUST RECEIVED A FULL LINE OF

Bandages, Absorbent Cotton, Tape, Plasters, Disinfectant of all kinds. Stop and take a package home and be ready to administer first aid.

Bring your family prescriptions here where they will be promptly and carefully filled.

H. C. WELLS
SMETHPORT, PA.

Waiting for your selection at

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

Look This List Over

There are some things you want put aside for Christmas.

Salad and Sandwich Plates,	Safety Razors
Nickled serving Dishes	Toys
Community Silverware	Cut Glass
Coffee Percolators	Casseroles
Aluminum Ware	Fancy China
Pyrex Glassware	FlashLights
Pocket Knives	

A wide range of prices and a good stock to select from.

B. T. GARLICK,

THE CORNER HARDWARE.

SMETHPORT, — — PA.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport Pa., Thursday Dec. 5, 1918.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—County Superintendent C. W. Lillibridge has moved his family from the W. F. Specht house on West King street to the J. A. Lindholm house on Water street.

—Howard Denning, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Denning, is probably now in France as his parents have been notified that he sailed for overseas November 17. Howard was a limited service man but was determined to go across and evidently passed th overseas examination. He is a machinist.

—Preston Daly of Kane, a brother of Mrs. Kenneth Mayo, is one of the sailors on the liner George Washington, on which President Wilson and other members of the peace party sailed for Europe.

—At a business meeting of the D. A. R. held Monday afternoon, Miss H. [illegible] was elected regent to succeed Mrs. Walter Mc[illegible]. Miss Leonard Beckley, Administration was made of the 22nd conference of the D. A. R. which is to be held at the Penn Norris Hotel at Harrisburg, January 28-29-30.

—State Game Protector L. K. Hogarth has made the following statement for the benefit of sportsmen: Game, when carried from one point to another in the state, either by train or otherwise, must be accompanied by the owner thereof, and must be carried openly, where same may be easily inspected, or when inclosed in baggage or package and accompanied as stated above, must be so marked as to designate clearly the game contents of such piece of baggage or package, with the name of the owner and the county wherein killed. Saved game killed in this commonwealth cannot, therefore, be shipped by express, freight or [illegible] accompanying same at all times. Large game may be shipped by express or freight, either set up or otherwise, without accompanying owner, if properly marked as above for small game.

—The Fry Co., this week uses half a page of space to tell you of the excellent line of holiday goods that can be found at this big store. Every word is worth reading.

—Word has reached relatives in Smethport that Paul Quinlisk, formerly a well known Smethport young man, had been badly gassed while fighting in France. No further details are available and Paul's many friends in Smethport will hope that his condition is improving.

—Miss Nora Freeman, an estimable Port Allegany young lady who has held the position of linotype operator on the Reporter-Argus, and Franklin S. Cook, a capable clerk in the Port Allegay postoffice were married Saturday at the bride's home. Rev. W. H. Stickhouse performed the ceremony which united this popular young couple who have many friends in Smethport.

—A cablegram dated November 26, gives the welcome intelligence that Rev. W. E. VanDyke, who is in Y. M. C. A. service overseas, is in good health. Rev. Mr. VanDyke's present location is not known, but for a considerable period he was serving in Belgium. The armistice does not lessen the labors of Y. M. C. A. and kindred workers, on the contrary [illegible] such a thing is possible, they are busier than ever.

—A quartet of well known Bradford men observed the joint anniversary of their births. They were Ed Weaver, Mort Willis, Billy Ball and Alex Hill. The Era is not at liberty to state the exact age of any of the gentlemen but Hill says if he lives 200 years he will be a real "258" and Mr. Weaver was born on the same day of the same year. Following a period of felicitation, the celebrators ultimately closed the day by attending church in a body.—Bradford Era.

—Principal and Mrs. Chester F. Renn were called to Williamsport Saturday by the sudden death of the former's brother, Dr. Leroy Renn, a prominent physician of that place. Dr. Renn gave his life in the fight against influenza. He worked night and day until his overworked body gave out. After making a call in a suburb of Williamsport he started to the railroad station and dropped dead on the way. The funeral was held Monday. He was a very popular physician and his death is sincerely mourned.

—The light against high prices still continues. Read Monheimer's advertisement in todays MINER.

—The W. C. T. U. will hold a Mother's Meeting at the M. E. church Tuesday evening, December 10, at 8 o'clock. Mothers especially invited.

—J. Clayton Backus and John Wiant, two popular citizens who have been ill, are able to be out again.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Irons went to Olean Monday where Mrs Irons' consulted Dr. Bartlett about her eyes.

—Miss Viola Badger entertained the Conomada Camp Fire Girls at her home on East Street Tuesday evening. Light refreshments were served by Miss Badger.

—A postponed meeting of the State Sunday School convention will be held at Sunbury, December 12-13. Particular attention will be given to the county and District Association work.

—Miss Sarah Hughes died at her home in Tonghkenamon, Pa., Thursday, November 28. The funeral was held Monday from her late home. She was the only surviving sister of A. L. Hughes, who was for many years a resident of Smethport. He has the sincere sympathy of the MINER.

—Some small-souled gink who writes Hazelhurst items for the Mt. Jewett Herald is responsible for the following: We are pleased to say that the town is free of "flu" and we come out with a fine record in taking care of ourselves without help from outside, especially from the Codfish Aristocracy town down the road."

—Miss Christine I. Tingling, a W. C. T. U. state speaker, will give an address in the Baptist church, Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Miss Tingling is a noted speaker and will interest young and old. Don't fail to hear her on Friday evening. An interesting program is assured, one feature being music by the school children. Come and bring your friends.

—Friday night, December 6, at the Bradford theater, Mrs. Barnett Smith a noted lecturer who has just arrived in America from the devasted regions in Europe will deliver an address on food conservation that is certainly one's duty to hear if it is possible to be present. Persons wishing to attend can get seats reserved by communicating with the county food administrators office at Smethport.

—The Redfield Publishing company of Smethport, publishers of the Boys' Magazine, is apparently outgrowing its present plant and an addition, 26 x 70 feet, is under course of construction to provide the needed additional room. The new structure will be one story and building tile is being used in its construction. The company also contemplates the addition of a new press for printing covers and [illegible] other consideration machinery which will assemble the pages of the popular publication.—Star-Record.

—Figures so far compiled show that McKean county contributed [illegible] men inducted into the service of the United States [illegible] under the first district with headquarters at Bradford furnished 165 men, and the second district with headquarters at Smethport 285 men. Twenty-nine counties in the state furnished smaller quotas than McKean. It is estimated that 150 guardsmen of the county served in Company C and E and the machine gun company, sanitary detachment and other units of the 113th regiment, while other enlistments are conservatively estimated at 300, bringing McKean's total close to 1800 men. Estimating on the whole number in service in the state it is believed it cost about $30 a man to induct them into service.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mary Cody was an Eldred visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Alfred Peterson of Clermont was in town yesterday.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer was a Bradford visitor last week Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Hamilton visited in Buffalo a few days this week.

C. S. King of Port Allegany was a visitor in town Monday.

J. F. Keating of Clermont was a Smethport visitor Friday.

Mrs. Robert Hamilton was an Olean visitor Tuesday of last week.

Miss Ruth Hunter spent Thanksgiving with friends in Rixford, Pa.

Mrs. Bernard Ball spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Ball at Olean, N. Y.

Miss Rose Spadafore and Miss Winifred Smith of Clermont visited in town yesterday.

Mrs A. H. Kidder spent a few days day with Punxsutawney relatives during the past week.

F. E. Perry of Rew was transacting business in town Monday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fay and daughter, Miss Julia Fay spent Thanksgiving with friends in Olean, N. Y.

Elsie Ray of Indiana, Pa., has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Gleason for the past week.

Mr and Mrs. Curt Witherow spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Witherows parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dunjohn, at Clermont.

Ralph Connor and William Howe of State College students training school are spending a week at their homes in East Smethport.

Miss Harriet Rogers returned Friday after spending Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rogers at Mt. Jewett, Pa.

Mrs. J. A. Nellis reurned Tuesday from Warren, Pa., where she had been to see her daughter, Miss Gussie Nellis who had been ill.

Harold Leemuler of State College students training school spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs Chas Leemuler of this place.

Mrs. Frank Potter who has spent several weeks in Kane at the home of her son Frank Potter and family returned home last week Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Curran clerk at the P. S. and N. station at St. Marys, Pa., spent Thanksgiving with her parents Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Curran of this borough.

Richard Curran and Robert O'Connor of St. Bonaventure College students training school spent Thanksgiving with their respective parents in this place.

Sandford Decker of State College training corps who is spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Decker at Farmers Valley, was a Smethport visitor Friday.

Hamlin Bosworth of Franklin, Pa., has returned after a short visit with his mother, Mrs. Mary Bosworth.

C. Prouty of Eldred was a Smethport business visitor Friday.

THERE IS A

DISTINCT ADVANTAGE

to the young men who buy their

Suits and Overcoats

in this Store. There is quality and Style in our clothes and both Suits and Overcoats are marked at prices much below the present values.

Smart Suits and Overcoats from $18.50 to $28.50.

worth from $22.50 to $35.00.

WM MONHEIMER'S

County Detective Joseph Robinson of Bradford was in town Monday.

Mrs. Claude Hackett and daughter Alice May, were Bradford visitors Monday.

Miss Sarah Vanblad left Friday evening for New York city where she will be employed as linotype operator.

Miss Margaret Sasse and Miss Grace Kerr returned to Olean Friday after a short visit at their respective home in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Bailey left for their home in Boston, Mass., Saturday after a few days visit with Mr. Bailey's sister, Mrs. Ross K. Knapp.

P. D. Ostrander of Keating township was a welcome caller at this office Tuesday. Mr. Ostrander contemplates making his home in the boro. this winter.

The Misses Ruth and Luella Lyle of Smethport, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Flatt of Barbour street have gone to Warren.—Bradford Star-Record.

Mrs. W. A. Ostrander and daughter, Miss Lucile Marshall have returned from an extended visit with Lieutenant W. A. Ostrander who is stationed at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

C. C. Choate left Wednesday for Uniontown, Pa., returning Saturday accompanied by Mrs. Choate who had been spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Smart.

Charles O'Reilly and Fred Cratsley of Pittsburgh and Geo. Murphy of Sewickly, who have been the guest of Mrs. O'Reilly and spent the week hunting, returned to their homes on Sunday.

Hamlin Burdick, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Burdick, returned Tuesday evening from central officers training camp at Camp Gordon, Ga., having received his honorable discharge. He enjoyed the best of health and certainly liked the experience. He will leave the last of the week for Pittsburgh to re-enter Carnegie Tech.

VALLEY GRANGE ELECTS OFFICERS.

Saturday night Valley Grange of Farmers Valley held a very pleasant meeting at which time officers were elected, an enjoyable program rendered and refreshments served. Following are the officers named:

Geo. Rockefeller, Master.
Mrs. Juliet Roeder, Overseer.
Benj. P. Oviatt Steward.
Geo. Herzog, Assistant Steward.
Mrs. Geo. Herzog, L. Asst. Steward
Mrs. John Oviatt, Chaplain.
Mrs. C. C. Decker, Treasurer.
B. W. Richmond, Secretary
C. C. Decker, Gate Keeper.
Roxie Smith, Ceres.
Abez Rockefeller, Pomona.
Margaret Scowden, Flora.
F. J. Hackett, Trustee.
Lura Day Pianist,
Benj. P. Oviatt, Past Master.

The third and fourth degree will be conferred on a class of five next Saturday night. Refreshments will be served and a good program.

COLEGROVE.

Safe From the Flu—Claims Worst Road— Encouraging Reports.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Benson, and Francis Benson of Olean, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Benson on Thanksgiving Day.

Quite a number of Colegrove people attended the services at Crosby Thursday night. A good program has been arranged and everyone enjoyed the meeting.

Colegrove is still on the safe side of the flu but Betula and Norwich are hard hit.

Reports from M. L. Bartlett, who recently underwent an operation at the Kane Hospital for gall stones, are very encouraging.

Recent letters from our home boys in the service "over there" show that they are all well and looking forward to the happy home coming.

Rev. and Mrs. Edmunds expect to move to the new parsonage in Crosby sometime this week. Good luck to them in their new home.

Sometime ago Farmers Valley put in a claim for the worst state roads in this part of the country. We feel in honor bound to dispute the claim. Suppose we refer the matter to the State Highway Superintendent and after an extensive joy ride over both roads, have him render a decision, providing, of course, that he lives to tell the story.

Rev. Edmunds left Monday afternoon for Ellicottville, N. Y., where he will attend a district conference.

Miss Vivian Locke spent Thanksgiving at her home in Bradford.

Mrs. A. P. Malin, and daughter, Francis, were guests of relatives in town last week

Miss Theresa Swort and Miss Mildred Landon were guests of Mrs. J. L. Swort Monday evening.

Mr. Marsh and son Vern were callers in town Tuesday

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company.

Smethport, Pa.

Capital $200,000.00 Surplus $100,000.00

Undivided Profits $100,000.00

It's our aim to do more than safeguard the funds of our depositors; we are interested in their prosperity and ready to assist them at all times.

DIRECTORS.

ORLO J. HAMLIN	HENRY HAMLIN
JAS. A. McKEAN	CHARLES McKEAN
FRED D. GALLUP	C. D. COMES
GUY McCOY	RALPH E. BURDICK

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

BRIDE of BATTLE

A Romance of the AMERICAN ARMY Fighting on the Battlefields of FRANCE

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY W. G. CHAPMAN

— [illegible] there these past three days. Dutchman he is; every listening post party knows him. What's the good of bringing him in? He ain't got no head to him."

"What you talking about?" snarled the corporal. "That's the man the Major said, and there ain't no other in sight. Twist!"

They flattened themselves as a rocket burst into the air above the German lines.

Then the machine guns burst forth. "Rat-tat-tat-tat!" sang the bullets overhead.

They swished through the grass and pattered on the ground. No answer came from the section of the American line immediately behind the defenders, but on each side there came answering volleys, making the air an inferno of crackling death. Then, gradually, the alarm subsided. The rocket showers died down.

"Now, boys!" whispered the corporal.

They crawled onward. The huddled *form came into clear view.* The body seemed to be already blending with the earth, melting into formlessness; and there was no need to wonder whether this was of a dead or wounded man.

The corporal swore.

"I told you so!" mumbled Mark's companion. "I told you so. What's he sent us here for, the fool?"

His words ended in a gurgle. From behind the shelter of the corpse leaped five men. Noiselessly they flung themselves upon the party of three. Mark felt a pistol at his temple.

"Surrender!" hissed a voice in his ear.

In a flash he realized the trap. The three were unarmed, noncombatants; it was a counter-raid—and Kellerman had known that the enemy were abroad that night and suspected their rendezvous.

He saw his two companions being dragged, unresisting, toward the German lines. Three men were with them; to sides. Immediate vicinity; there was only one other Kaiser, in the immediate vicinity; and that one had half turned away.

And the thought of the infernal trap goaded Mark to madness. As his captor, never suspecting resistance on his part, let the muzzle of the pistol droop, Mark drew back his hand and struck upward with all his might.

He felt the horn of the powder as the discharged bullet sped under his chin, he heard the startled cry of the Germans; and then a *furious outburst* of machine-gun fire came from the trenches opposite. Two Very lights went up, revealing the two struggling men to the sentries on either side.

Mark saw a powerful man, a sergeant, he thought, with close-cropped yellow hair, pin the body of a Hercules. The man dashed at him, striking out with his bare fists. The two fought [illegible] a fusillade of bullets.

Suddenly the German uttered a choking cry and dropped, blood spurting from his throat where a chance bullet had torn it [illegible]. As he fell, Mark pressed [illegible] upon him and lay [illegible]

[illegible] away. Captain [illegible] Back toward [illegible] [illegible] A whispery [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he had sealed

Fought Amid a Hailstorm of Bullets.

the sandbags and descended into the mud of the trench, to find the firing posts crowded and himself facing Kellerman and the *company captain.*

Inwardly boiling, he stood still. It was too dark to see the expression on Kellerman's face, but he could imagine the sneering grin that disfigured it.

"Well?" said Kellerman sharply.

"The man you sent me to bring in was dead. He had been there for days."

"Where are your companions?" demanded Kellerman.

"Captured."

"And you?"

"We were attacked in the dark. I fought with my man until a bullet killed him. The others were taken."

"And your stretcher?" asked Kellerman with a bland sneer.

"I left it between the lines. Do you wish me to go back for it, sir?"

"This man is lying," said Kellerman to the Captain calmly. "He abandoned his companions and ran away. He lost his stretcher. Put him under arrest."

The Captain beckoned to the platoon sergeant, who came forward.

"I'd like to say one thing," said Mark, striving to keep his voice steady. "We three were sent out to bring in a *dead man*, who had been dead for days—anyone here will bear me out in this. Was any man wounded tonight? There was only one body in this section—"

"Cut it out!" said the sergeant, laying his hand on Mark's shoulder.

But Mark swung clear of him and turned and faced Kellerman again. "You sent me out tonight to put me out of the way!" he cried, losing all self-control. "*For reasons that you know*, and I know, you wanted me dead, and you were willing to send two others to their death also. You lied to me to put me off my guard, d——n you, you treacherous dog! And here's the blow you gave, back again!"

He struck Kellerman a buffet that sent him reeling back against the parapet.

CHAPTER XIV.

The three officers who had brought in their [illegible], and the fourth of high rank, who had passed the sentries, stood [illegible] still[illegible] at the door of the little headquarters village house, watching Mark as, with hands chained, he was marched away by two armed guards toward the jail.

When he was out of sight they unbent.

"D——n it!" said one.

"My sentiments," answered another. "What do you think, McKinnon?"

"I don't want to think about it."

"If it had been some tough who had got roped in to the army—a gunman or that sort—but—"

"Well, if the fellow's a gentleman, why did he do it? He must have known."

"And, after all, he might have been respited for the blow, but the gross cowardice—"

"I don't see that. The blow was worse than the cowardice. A new hand, between the lines at night, his first night. Kellerman shouldn't have sent him—"

"I don't follow you there. Kellerman had known the man in the U. S. and wanted to give him a chance to redeem himself."

"At night!" Mark was sitting in his cell. He [illegible] the last sentence, he had composed himself to meet his end reconciled to the traditions of his caste and race; but he could not meet it calmly. He had deliberately flung everything away; he had let Kellerman goad him to recklessness; he was going to die with scorn upon the soldier's satisfaction of duty honorably done. And he could not compose himself.

Suddenly he heard the outer gate of the prison clank; then came the sound of voices, foot-steps, a woman's swishing skirts; Eleanor and Colonel Howard stood at the barred entrance with the guard.

Mark rose from his bed and stood staring at them; he could [illegible] before them [illegible]. The guard unlocked the door of the cell. Eleanor shrank back against the corner of the masonry, her kerchief to her lips, her face chalky white. Suddenly she started forward. The Colonel whispered a word, she brushed him aside as if she had not heard him. Her arms sought Mark's neck and found it. She pressed her lips to his.

"Captain Mark! Dear Captain Mark!" she sobbed.

And, holding her closely to him, and forgetting Howard's presence and everything else, Mark found his peace.

Colonel Howard was trying to calm her, to assuage her frantic grief. At last he persuaded her to sit down. He took Mark by the arm as if he were a child, and placed him beside her.

"Mark, my dear boy—Mark, I heard of it only five minutes ago," he said. "I had to spend [illegible] here, and Eleanor had got leave to meet me. I've just learned the outlines of it. I'm trying to get the General. Yes, yes, I know he refused this morning, but he didn't know. I'm only going to ask for a respite [illegible] It will come out all right. Now tell me, Mark, what happened? How did Kellerman meet you? Why did you strike him? I don't ask about the charge of cowardice, because that isn't worth speaking about. I'll settle that with the General—I haven't forgotten Santiago. But about that blow, Mark—how did it all happen? Tell me exactly, so that I—"

It was unlike the old Colonel to gabble so fast. Perhaps he was afraid of breaking down.

"Can tell the General. Now begin, Mark. Tell me from the beginning."

But Mark did not open his lips. And before Colonel Howard could resume Eleanor had sprung up and faced Mark eagerly.

"Now, Captain Mark, listen! If you've never listened to me before, listen now!" she cried. "I know you aren't going to tell the Colonel. It's like you, Captain Mark. You're stubborn. You have a *stupid*, wicked streak of stubbornness in you that always makes you pretend things, and always prevents you from letting the world see what a dear, good, splendid man you are. I know you through and through, though you've never known I did. You've ruined your life by your silly silences. You seem to like to be misunderstood. You like things to go wrong with you, so that you can suffer undeservingly. But it isn't be-loved of you, Captain Mark. It's stubborn and wrong, and, where others are concerned, it's [illegible] others are concerned—others who love you, Captain Mark!"

She spoke with intense passion, but, when she ended, she put her arms quietly about his neck. "Tell the Colonel, Captain Mark, because of me," she said.

"There's nothing to tell, my dear," said Mark, groping for the words that *would not come.* "I struck him because he—"

And he could say nothing. Of Kellerman's blow outside the inn, of his false offer of friendship, of the treachery that had risked three lives that Mark might die on a false errand—nothing! And, if he had been able to speak, he could not have told. Yet he was ignorant of the inhibitory *process* that how, as always, held him in silence.

But Eleanor clung to him. "Yes, Captain Mark. Because he—"

"Because I threw it out to rescue a wounded man unnecessarily," said Mark bitterly.

He saw a spasm pass over Howard's face. This was worse than Howard could have believed. The Colonel was stricken; his faith was strong, but he was one of those who accept the obvious.

"Listen, Captain Mark!" said Eleanor, speaking as if to a baby. "That isn't what you wanted to say. You had no thought of criticizing your superior officer, even if you thought him wrong. That isn't what you meant. Perhaps he'll tell me, father! Stand back a little. Now, whisper it, Captain Mark!"

But in the shelter of Eleanor's arms Mark felt altogether at peace. What did it matter, all this of long ago?

"Are you going to marry Kellerman, Eleanor?" he asked.

Very softly, in the obscurity, he felt her shake her head. And the action had precisely the opposite effect of what Eleanor had intended.

For nothing mattered any more, nothing at all. He couldn't find excuses—Mark Wallace had never excused himself in his life.

Eleanor drew herself out of his arms and looked at him. He looked from her face to the Colonel's. Why were they worrying him? How could he hope to save his life by going into the obscure details and explanations that they required of him?

And what a long rigmarole, beginning back in the war department! Mark could not string a case *together*; his mind was not constructed in that fashion.

Eleanor laid her hand on his arm. "Captain Mark—don't you see that every moment is torture to us?" she asked.

There was a terrible intensity in her tone, as if she were holding herself rigidly in restraint, for fear that she would fail should she yield to her emotion.

"I struck him," stammered Mark. "I told you why. I thought he was wrong to risk those lives—I—"

"Now Capt. Mark, Listen."

The look upon each face seemed to be frozen there; it was as if their lives and not Mark's, hung upon his words.

Suddenly a shriek pierced the sky, cutting off Mark's speech, and a shell burst somewhere by with a shattering detonation, followed by the dull boom *of a distant gun. The Colonel started,* and then resumed his gaze.

It seemed to Mark as if that was an eternity of torture. He struggled in his mind desperately to find words to say when the noise subsided.

But there came a stunning sound that seemed to split his ear-drums. He fell forward, and felt as if some one had lifted him; looked out into darkness, sought Eleanor and knew nothing.

CHAPTER XV.

When he slowly grew conscious it was with the glad realization that he had found her. He felt her hands, supple and warm, binding a bandage round his arm. He opened his eyes to see her face bent over his. And it was dawn.

Vague cries rang in his ears, *distant* cries, blending, surging, swelling and dying down, *but never ceasing.* The rattle of small-arms was continuous, and punctuated by the loud timbre of guns.

He was lying amid a heap of debris that had been the village jail. Not far away he saw the Colonel sitting with eyes closed, propped up against the fragments of a wall, a blood-stained bandage round his head.

"O thank God!" cried Eleanor. "You have been unconscious so long, Captain Mark! And the Colonel is badly hurt. I saw the Red Cross wagon pass and cried, but they could not hear me."

All round them the guns were booming, all round them they saw khaki-clad Americans swarming over the fields, and yet the village seemed deserted. They were alone in a little oasis of calm amid the tumult.

"*What are we to do?*" cried the girl. "Can you walk? Try to stand on your feet. Let me help you. We must get the Colonel somewhere."

The question on Mark's lips died away as there came the howl of a heavy shell, followed by a stunning impact. A column of broken bricks spouted into the air at the end of the street, dissolving into a cloud of dust. An interval, and again there came a missile *from the monster gun. A house in the* next street went down like cardboard.

It was the threatened attack on the American lines. The enemy was in force somewhere across the fields, the reserves were rushing up to repel them.

Mark staggered to his feet and found that he could stand. His arm ached under the bandage; but it was not broken. Probably a splinter had struck him. He made his way toward the Colonel, who eyed him curiously as he approached.

"Take Eleanor to safety and leave me, Mark," he said, in a choking voice.

"I'll take you both, sir. This can't last long. Our men will be in the village in a few minutes. Or an ambulance will pass."

Mark put his hands beneath the Colonel's arms and tried to lift him.

As the Colonel tried to stand he collapsed *forward in Mark's arms.* He looked at Mark piteously.

"Take her and leave me," he whispered. "And listen to me, Mark. She cares for you. All will come right, if I can keep my worthless carcass alive until I've seen the General. But I never counted on being done up like this."

There were tears in the old man's eyes. "Forgive me, my boy," he muttered, and fell into unconsciousness.

Mark set him down against the wall again. *It was impossible to move him,* even with Eleanor's help.

Mark looked at Eleanor. "It's safest here," he said. "The village will be occupied soon. Help will come—"

He broke off abruptly as another of the heavy shells dropped nearer, sending the brick fragments flying in all directions. Of a sudden it had occurred to him that the reason why the Americans did not enter the village was that it was a deathtrap; its *ramps were,* all mapped and plotted, and the Germans *were bent on its systematic* destruction.

Mark stood by Eleanor in irresolution, cursing his fate. He did not know what to do. He could not leave her; and yet he felt a burning impulse to play some part in affairs. His eye, trained by long years of practice, took in the tactical situation at a glance. The Germans must have made a prodigious thrust in the night, bursting through the center; *the reserves,* still rushing over the fields, were trying to fill *and hold the gap.* And the little Headquarters village was the key to the whole battlefield.

Wounded men came streaming down the street, followed by the merciless shells. The aeroplane above was still circling like a hawk; it seemed incredible that no aeroplane attacked it. And it was quite clear to Mark that only treachery, calculated and long planned, could have brought about the situation.

For the Germans must have advanced four miles since nightfall.

"Help will come—" Mark repeated; and suddenly, even above the drumfire, he could hear the sounds of cheering. And, topping the ridge that ran before the village, there came a swarm of gray-green figures, thrusting back the thin, scattered line that held it. The bullets were whirring overhead, audible, and like a swarm of bees. Clouds of dust rose up and hid the battle.

Eleanor, clutching Mark's arm, stood motionless beside him; Mark saw that she understood, and the two held their breath as the dust clouds rolled along the ridge.

Suddenly they dissolved, and the attacking swarm poured like a great flood into the village. It looked as if all were lost.

But an instant later Mark saw a little company of Americans thrust out a *Maxim gun from behind a wall,* where they had hidden it. The gunner took his seat, and, just as the ranks were closing in on him, swept the street from side to side. The ranks recoiled and fell, body piling on body. Then, as a torrent forces its way through the ice-crust of a river, the attackers overwhelmed the Maxim section and swept into the streets.

And, as torrent meets torrent, with a *surge and a rush a body of American* troops swept forward to meet them.

The battle was all about them. Every house was a fortress, every mound of bricks a rallying point. Mark raised the half-conscious Colonel in his arms and drew him into the shelter of a little hollow in the brick wall. He beckoned to Eleanor to crouch down beside him. There they were safe from flying bullets, and might hope to pass unnoticed. He still hesitated when a body of Germans rushed, shouting, past him, *upon a troop of Americans who came* round a shattered corner, led by a young officer carrying a bloody sword.

It was quick and short bayonet work. Mark saw the blades flash, heard the panting gasps of the thrusters and the moans of the wounded. He saw the young officer stagger and fall, a bayonet through his shoulder. The sword fell from his hand. Before the German could withdraw his weapon Mark had snatched up the *sword* and, with a mighty blow, cloven the German's arm *from his body.*

And with the blow all his strength returned, all his energy and zest for battle. He forgot everything. Waving

Swept on Into the Main Street, Mark Leading Them.

the sword, he hurled *himself into the* attacking ranks. They gave, and with a cheer the *defenders* swept on into the main street, Mark leading them.

How he fought that day he never knew; long afterward he would see visions of it in sleep, and battle pictures shot forever eluded his waking consciousness. Round the little village, the key to the day's fortunes, the tide ebbed and flowed. Company after company came up on either side. Now advancing, now driven back, the Americans fought *from street to street and* back again. Machine guns opened fire *from unexpected places,* hideous death traps caught the unwary and reunited some, sometimes a street was filled with a jostling mob, too pricked to use their steel, tearing at one another with fists and teeth. There was no order and the command fell to him who seized it. Through all that nightmare Mark fought at the head of his company, looking like a madman, as they said of him afterward. When he came to *himself* at last he *found himself* unwounded, save for his bleeding arm from which the bandage had long since fallen, and in command of a battalion.

They had driven the Germans from the last house of the village. The delay had saved the day. The reserves had come pouring in. On the ridge beyond the enemy was marshaling for a last counter-attack.

Mark looked about him. Lieutenants captains who should have commanded companies, mingled with privates and nonyms, were following, as if hypnotized, this middle-aged private with the red cross on his arm. As Mark *looked* his heart swelled with the conscious*ness and* pride of leadership. And, at his glance, a roar went up that was caught up from *man to man and sent* echoing into the distance.

And Mark was swept away with unconquerable enthusiasm. It was his day, the day of which every soldier dreams.

"Come along, boys! Break them up!" he shouted, and ran forward.

With one resounding cheer the lines swept after him. A ripple of machine-gun fire caught them, but could not hold them. Over the fallen they pressed on, cries of triumph upon their lips, the faces, set above the gleaming bayonets, animated by a single purpose. And now they were upon them.

Mark fought in the bloody swirl. Blades thrust at him, bullets tore his tattered uniform. Once he was down, and he saw a giant rush at him with clubbed rifle. He raised his arm, he tried to drive with his sword, lunged and missed. Then the uplifted rifle fell harmlessly beside him, and the giant fell forward, dead, *over him, pin*ning him to the ground and covering him with his blood. A bayonet thrust had passed clean through his body.

And, looking up bewildered, Mark thought he saw Hartley's face look into his own.

Next moment Mark was on his feet again, and Hartley had vanished. But already the fast thaw was over. The Germans broke and fled.

Mark stood still, gasping. The men were crowding all about him, waving their helmets on bayonet-points, cheering him, shaking his hand. Across the field two mounted men were riding. They came up to the ridge, and one, a white-haired old officer, leaped to the ground and wrung Mark's hand.

"My thanks—our country's thanks to you!" he cried. "What is your name?"

Mark looked and saw the General's insignia upon the officer's shoulder-straps.

"Weston," he answered.

And suddenly he remembered Eleanor, and, ashamed and humiliated, and yet strangely elevated, he began to push his way back through the crowd.

He turned into the street of the jail. Dead bodies lay everywhere, and already some of the ambulance men were succoring the wounded. Broken guns, rifles, haversacks, all the paraphernalia of battle strewed the streets. The *debris of the jail came into view.* The sun, dancing above it, indicated, to Mark's astonishment, that hours had passed, and that it was afternoon. Mark felt suddenly sick, he trembled, and with his last reserves of strength he staggered forward.

Then he saw Colonel Howard within the orifice in the wall, and Eleanor kneeling beside him, holding a water-bottle to his lips. She turned, saw him, and ran to him, folded her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.

CHAPTER XVI.

Even as he kissed her in return he saw the startled glance that she cast behind her, and, following it with his eyes, he saw a tall figure in uniform emerge from the recesses of the orifice; and again he stood face to face with Kellerman.

Eleanor released him and stood, still clinging to him, at his side, her hand drawn through his arm. The contrast between the two men was extraordinary. Kellerman looked as if he had just stepped into his uniform; his gloved hands, his adjusted belt, the creases in his tunic were those of the fashion-plate. Looking at Mark, he saw a dirty, grimed, almost unrecognizable figure, with uniform that hung about him in great tatters, blotched and stained with blood.

"You said he would not come back!" cried Eleanor. "You see he has come back. What have you to say to me?"

"You misunderstood me, Eleanor—"

"I understand you now for the first time in my life. I liked you, Major Kellerman. I trusted you, and I believed in you. When you told me that you were working for your future I have his recognition I was glad, and proud of you both, and happy. What did you do?"

"What did he do?" cried Kellerman *furiously.* "Why should you believe evil things of me, because he said them—"

"He never spoke one word against you!"

"When the decision has already been made by an impartial court, anxious to clear a soldier's character, if that were possible?"

"Because I have a woman's instinct, Major Kellerman."

"Enough of *this,*" interposed Mark. "What are you doing here, sir?"

He snapped the last word out in irony so bitter that Kellerman winced.

"So you've cheated the firing party, Private Weston!" he said, with his habitual sneer.

"O, call me Mark while you're about it," answered Wallace. "Or please remember that I am no longer under your command, nor a soldier in the American army. Technically I am a dead man, Major Kellerman, and dead men—"

"Tell no tales, eh?" responded Kellerman savagely. "Well, here we stand man to man, and the conditions warrant plain speaking. It is not my business to place you under arrest. But, if I do so, you are aware that your life will be worth about five minutes' purchase. So go, Mr. Weston, or Wallace, or whatever you all yourself now. Go—if Miss Eleanor here says the one word that will set you free. Go—and in this confusion you will have a reasonable chance to escape, with those ready wits of yours."

"The *one word?*" Eleanor gasped.

"The one word 'yes'," responded Kellerman.

"I will never become your wife, Major Kellerman."

"So you told me the other day, after leading me to suppose that it was your intention," answered Kellerman easily. "Stop, Mr. Weston, if you please, and let me finish. War doesn't leave much sentimentality in a man. We know what life is worth, and we know that life's a matter of bargaining. When we were in America I might have accepted my dismissal, Eleanor. But here we *three stand* under the naked heaven, like ants on a hill. All artificial distinctions have fallen away. I've loved you for many months, Eleanor, and I want to marry you. That's the bald truth of it. In order to persuade you, I am willing to let this gentleman escape—to facilitate his escape, even to make our marriage dependent on my success. That's fair, isn't it? And, what have you against me? Is it my fault that he was court-martialed and sentenced to death for striking an officer?"

The man's effrontery took Mark's breath away.

"My answer," responded Eleanor

stenfily, "is 'no.' And even if you could send him to his death it would still be 'no.' Because he himself would wish that. But you can't harm him. Something convinces me that all the harm that has come to him has come from you. And it tells me, too, that your power has ended. 'No,' is my answer."

"And yours, Mr. Weston?" asked Kellerman, looking at Mark.

Mark, unable to reply, pointed toward the opening of the recess. Kellerman turned and strode toward it. Then he turned.

"There's one thing more to say," he said. "Your action in dismissing me, Miss Howard, savors of the romantic drama. Your life has been a romantic one, with a certain high-strung idealism in it, due to the circumstances of your upbringing. It was that, I believe, which made you think it your duty to follow your adopted father's unit to the front. I think you ought to know who you are. Your father died on the battlefield of Santiago. He was a fugitive from justice. He was the notorious Hampton."

Mark uttered a cry. He sprang toward Kellerman, but Kellerman dealt him a blow that sent him stumbling among the bricks.

"That's a lie, Kellerman!" said Colonel Howard quietly.

The old Colonel's eyes were wide open. He laid his hands laboriously upon the edge of the brick wall and, with a great effort, raised himself to his feet.

"That's a lie," he repeated.

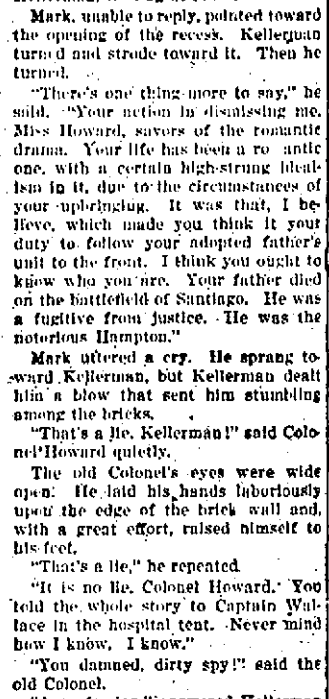
"It is no lie, Colonel Howard. You told the whole story to Captain Wallace in the hospital tent. Never mind how I know, I know."

"You damned, dirty spy!" said the old Colonel.

"A confession," answered Kellerman blandly. "Your words were strong ones, Colonel Howard. Deny them if you can. You said, 'A thousand years of hell wouldn't atone for that crime.' You said 'it was calculated, cold-blooded deliberation.' You said, 'The case against Hampton was absolutely proven. He was to have been hanged as soon as we captured Santiago. He was born rotten. He sold his country to pay his gambling debts.' And you called him by the worst name one man can call another. That was why you tried to persuade Mark Wallace not to adopt Hampton's child. Like father, like daughter."

He swung round upon Eleanor, and, for the first time seemed to lose his self-control.

"That's who you are!" he cried. "The child of a wretched traitor, who worked



"The Child of a Wretched Traitor."

in the war department with Colonel Howard and me, a man without honor, entangled with a wretched woman spy, who sold our secrets. And that mad—your adopted father, whom you love and revere, spied on him in turn, watched him, read his letters, went through his pockets, snared him, trapped him, brought him to his deserts—and adopted you."

Eleanor staggered toward the Colonel, her arms raised imploringly, and cried in a choking voice:

"Say it's untrue! Only say that it's untrue!"

"It's true, Howard!" said the Colonel; "every word of it. Kellerman has been—"

"It's true, then—it's true!" she cried. "I've known it all along! I've always known it!"

"It's true, then—it's more or less true," said Howard wearily.

"It's not true!" shouted Mark. "Rollerder, Colonel, the man's face had been practically blown away. How do we know that it was Hampton who was with the child? It might have been another. We don't know for sure, and we can't know. I've never believed it. I wouldn't ever dare to let myself believe it."

"You found his papers," said Kellerman.

Nobody answered him. Eleanor went up to Mark and raised her white face to his. "Tell me what you think, Captain Mark," she pleaded.

And once more Mark was mute. She read his face as if by inches. She turned toward Kellerman. "Now will you go?" she asked.

Kellerman saluted her with mock formality. "I'll go," he said, "but he's spent his chance. A spy's daughter and a spy—"

The stretcher-bearers appeared at the entrance to the recess. They bore a stretcher. Propped up in it, swathed in a bloody clout of bandages, was Hartley.

"There he is!" he cried, pointing his hand in triumph. "I knew he'd come this way. He's here, sir!" he cried to some one outside the orifice.

The stretcher bearers set down their burden on a ledge of the wall. Into the little place strode the General.

His appearance there exercised a paralyzing effect upon them all. Kellerman was the first to recover his self-possession. He saluted stiffly.

"This man," he said, pointing to Mark, "is the prisoner who was to have been executed this morning."

The General, without a word, strode toward Mark and clasped him by the hand.

Kellerman gulped and moved toward the entrance for the last time. The General turned.

"Halt, sir!" he commanded. "Colonel Howard, will you have the goodness to go to the man on the—why, I beg your pardon, Colonel! Not badly hurt?"

"Nothing much, sir," answered the Colonel, attempting to make the passage.

The General gave him his arm and assisted him, and, when he stood still, placed one arm about him to steady him.

"Do you recognize that man?" he asked.

The Colonel stiffened; Kellerman fell back against the wall.

"As I'm a living man," cried Colonel Howard, "it's Hampton!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Hartley sat up on the stretcher and fixed his eyes on Howard's face. It was evident that he was desperately wounded. One of the orderlies kneeled beside him and held him.

"This man," said the General, chewing at his mustache in emotion which he could not altogether hide, "was once an officer in the service of our country. He was engaged in confidential work in the war department. He was accused of espionage—unjustly accused."

With a low cry Eleanor rushed forward and kneeled beside the stricken man; she placed her arms about him and drew his head down upon her shoulder, looking piteously into the weary eyes. Hampton raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Unjustly accused," repeated the General. "Major Kellerman, stand to attention, sir! You shall be heard later. He was the victim of the System, which was even then laying its plans in Washington. He was the victim of a woman named Morsheim—Hilda Morsheim, whose activities were well known, though we could then do nothing to counteract them. She made a specialty of luring young officers into gambling dens, winning large sums from them, and thus leading them down the slope toward disgrace and death.

"She had a confederate who was highly placed in the war department. When, by their united efforts, they failed to make a traitor of Captain Hampton, they compassed his ruin. How they did so I need not describe now. The facts are of record; it is enough to say that they succeeded. Hampton was driven into exile; but they were not satisfied with that. They broke his career, they drove him from the company of all decent men. But that was not enough. They broke his wife's heart; she died. They made his name one of execration. Still they were not satisfied. With devilish ingenuity they sought to cover their tracks by making it appear that Hampton was still carrying on his trade, still selling government secrets. You see, why, Colonel?" he continued, turning to Howard. "Because they themselves were continuing their vile work, and the new leakages had to be accounted for."

Kellerman, ghastly white, leaned against the brick wall; he was fumbling nervously in his tunic pocket.

"I suppose, sir, that you are accusing—" he began.

"Be silent, sir! Gentlemen," he continued, addressing Mark and the Colonel, "you are interested in knowing what happened to this man Hampton. He could not rid himself of the belief that justice, though slow, is pretty sure. He had faith in God. Unfortunately he had less faith in himself. Am I wronging you, Hampton?" he continued, addressing Hartley.

"No, sir," muttered the man on the stretcher, feebly.

"He wishes me to tell the whole story. He went to Cuba and flung in his lot with the rebels. He became disgusted with their politics and methods, obtained a pardon from General Weyler, and took up his residence in Santiago. The rumors of the war surrounding him there [illegible] that Santiago would fall, and I had been warned that he would make short shrift at the hands of our people.

"He longed for death, but he had two things that kept alive the desire for life. One was his child, the other the desire for vindication, which had become a monomania. He tried to escape into the jungle. He saw that it was hopeless.

"He was hiding in a little hut when he heard footsteps. An American soldier, who had strayed from his company, was coming into the [illegible], at that moment a stray [illegible] hit him in the head, killing him instantly. Hampton saw his chance. He took off the dead man's clothing and put it on; he dressed the body in his own. He knew that by this means he could pass through the lines in the guise of a wounded man, until he had a chance to get rid of his uniform in the cabin of some Cuban, who would be too well pleased to give him [illegible] for his [illegible] and papers on [illegible] to know that he left his body behind, for the bullet had [illegible] the features.

"There was the child—Hampton knew that he could take her no further. With the Americans she would receive food—which he had not—and shelter and protection. Afterward he would regain her. He lurked in the bushes until he saw Captain Wallace appear, watched him, trusted him, and went away.

"He learned of the child's adoption, and for years he haunted her home, her school, all places that were her residence, ever craving her, ever restrained by the realization that, till his name was cleared, he had no right to her. His idea of vindication had become, as I said, a monomania.

"Now, gentlemen, I have little time to spare, but I must carry this story to the end. I said that he had less faith in himself than he had in God. Once, for three years, Hampton lost his child. She had gone to San Francisco. In his despair he went to Washington, he sought out Hilda Morsheim, who was still plying her trade, and begged, as he had never begged anyone, that she would vindicate his name."

There was a stillness as of utter death inside the little cave.

"She saw in him one of those useful spies such as her organization used, broken men with inside knowledge of conditions. She used him; held out promises, broke them; in his despair he made himself a slave to her and—and her confederate, forgetting his manhood and what he had been. Time and again they broke faith with him. He had just realized that he had nothing to hope for from them when Captain Wallace appeared on the scene."

"Yes, he was a rotten dog, sir," said Kellerman, with the ghost of a smile. "Is [illegible] such evidence that you presume—?"

"No, sir, it is not!" thundered the General. "It is on the evidence of the woman Hilda Morsheim, alias Kenson, secured by Hampton under circumstances which—"

Kellerman uttered a low cry; he was trembling now, and all his bravado seemed to have oozed away.

"This woman, strangely enough, loved her confederate," went on the General remorselessly, fixing his eyes full on Kellerman's now, while Kellerman blinked like a bat in daylight, and turned his head weakly from side to side, as if under the intolerable glare of a searchlight. "Her claim on him were strong enough, God knows! She wanted him to marry her, to take her away from the old scenes that they might have a chance to redeem their wretched lives together. He had promised her that so many times—and the worst of women is as wax in the hands of the man she loves.

"But he had become infatuated with another, with a girl as much above him as—"

With a cry that seemed hardly human Colonel Howard sprang toward Kellerman, his fingers twitching as if he sought to fasten them about his throat. Mark caught him and held him, while the old man swayed to and fro, his outstretched arm extended toward Kellerman as if in imprecation.

Eleanor, at Hartley's side, did not even look toward them.

"This woman, Morsheim—Kenson—whatever you call her, came to France, upon receipt of a message which had

"You Are Under Arrest."

got her to the desert, shook her the hopelessness of her dreams, and taught her that the one man in whom she had believed was worthless clay. To do her justice; let us suppose that, even in her worst acts, she had been sustained by a sense of duty to her country.

"She met her confederate in an inn at a village not far distant. Frantic at her appearance, he induced her to let him drive her back through the lines, and on the way renewed his lying promises. This time she doubted him.

"Two men had overheard their conversation. One was Captain Wallace, whom the pair had broken as they broke poor Hampton. Him the traitor had seen, and he devised a scheme to send him to the trenches and contrive to have him sent on a false and fatal errand. With that point I shall not now deal. The other man was Hampton, who [illegible] and [illegible] under an alias. In the letter that he would [illegible] a [illegible] he [illegible] the traitor. He contrived [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by the [illegible] wonderful memory [illegible] her [illegible] confession—which I [illegible] in full."

[illegible] turned upon Kellerman. "Major Kellerman," he said in a deep voice that vibrated almost with pity, so charged with significance that its meaning could not escape either Howard or Mark, "you are under arrest. You will go toward your quarters, first removing your belt and arms."

Kellerman saluted weakly and stumbled out of the cave. The General looked at Mark.

"The soldier Weston receives a free and full pardon for his valor in the field this day," he said. "He is also discharged honorably from the service of the United States government."

Mark looked at the general in astonishment; this was the last thing that he desired.

The General approached and clapped him on the shoulder. "Captain Wallace," he said, "your written resignation from the United States army cannot be accepted, owing to the state of war. After the war it will receive consideration. In the meantime you will resume your duties on the headquarters staff."

Tears rushed to Mark's eyes. He tried to speak, he was conscious that the General and Howard were shaking him by the hand; and then a quick glance from Eleanor drew him to where she kneeled by Hartley.

A single look showed him that the man was dying.

Mark kneeled on one side of him, with Eleanor facing him over the stretcher. The bearers, who had fallen back, stood still as images behind. And behind them Mark had the dim consciousness in the background of his mind of Kellerman, broken as he had broken so many, and fumbling, always fumbling, now with his tunic, now with the belt that he was trying to detach with shaking fingers.

"Hartley!" whispered Mark, holding the dying man's hand in his. "That was you today—I missed you, but I believed in you. You saved me."

There was a fluttering pressure of Mark's hand in turn. Hampton was speaking; he was asking for the Colonel.

"I am here, Hampton," said Colonel Howard in a choked voice, as he leaned over him.

"You believe in me now, sir?" muttered the dying man, rolling his head uneasily in the effort to see.

"May God forgive me, Hampton! May she—your wife—forgive me. Tell her that, and tell her her words came true. I betrayed my best friend, and I've suffered for it, and I shall suffer to the last day of my life."

"She forgives you, Howard," said Hampton, speaking now with such solemnity that his words seemed to his listeners to be inspired. "There's—only—one thing—I want, Howard, old man."

"Yes, my dear boy—yes, Hampton."

"Put my name—back on the mess list," whispered Hampton.

Through his tears Mark was conscious that the interminable fumbling outside the cave had ceased. As Hampton fell back there came the sudden crack of a revolver shot.

The General's form blocked the entrance as they raised their heads. Mark placed his hands across Eleanor's eyes and drew her away.

Command next week.

TAJIRI GRADUATE OF YALE

New Mayor of Tokyo, Japan, Finished His Education in Great American University.

Viscount Inajiro Tajiri, newly elected mayor of the city of Tokyo, Japan, is a graduate of the class of '70 of Yale university, where he specialized in economics, finance, politics and history, says Christian Science Monitor. Returning to Japan, he was appointed a secretary in the department of finance and also to a chair in the imperial university at Tokyo. Subsequently he was director of the bureau of the national debt, banks and revenue.

In the course of time he was admitted to the house of peers, and was vice minister of finance, first in 1892-1897, and again in 1898-1901. He was made a baron in 1895 and a viscount in 1907. More recently he has been chief of the board of audit. To knowledge of the technique of banking, national finance and international credit the viscount adds interest in and mastery of natural science, and in both fields he is an authority.

His selection as mayor comes after a [illegible] and [illegible] effort of the municipality [illegible] upon a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHRISTMAS GIFT THINGS

Holiday stocks are all ready for you. We believe you will find much to interest you in our new goods suitable for gift purposes. In the regular hints of Home Furnishings and Wear for Men, Women and Children as well as distinctively Holiday Stocks. Our assortments are comprehensive and embrace the ideas Prices are so fixed that you will find shopping here very advantageous, nowhere can you secure better values. Just a few hints.

Arrow Shirts and Collars, Neckwear, Gloves, Underwear, etc. for men.

CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEFS

Fine lawn and linen, plain hemstitched and colored embroidered,—5c to 50c each.
Boxes, 15c to $1.00 box.

CHRISTMAS FURS.

An acceptable gift that will give service and lasting satisfaction.

Handsome Neckpieces and Muffs of Siberian Wolf, Brook Mink, Natural Muskrat, French Sable and Coney.—$4.50 to $33.50.

BEAUTIFUL SILK LINGERIE FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Corset Covers	$1.25
Combination Suits	2.50

WAISTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

The newest styles of Crepe de Chine, Georgette Crepe and Silk Waists in the popular shades, at $2.50 to $7.50.

SPECIAL PETTICOATS, $2.75 to $3.00

Just received, colored skirts with changeable silk and striped taffeta silk flouncing. All sizes.

SPECIAL SHIRTS.

An arrow Silk Shirt would surely please him. Good selection to choose from, fine quality and handsome patterns. Special $4.75 to $5.00.

Umbrellas	75c to $5.00
Neckwear	25c to $2.00
Mufflers	50c to $3.00
Gloves	35c to $3.75
Furs	$1.00 to $50.00
Handkerchiefs	2c to $1.00
Sweaters	50c to $8.50
Shirts	75c to $5.00
Stationery	10c to 75c
Toilet Sets	$1.00 to $6.00
Baskets	50c to $1.50
Books	5c to $1.00

SPECIAL—MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Heavy fleeced shirts and drawers, $1.00 each.
Fleeced lined Union Suits, $2.25.
Men's Wool Shirts And Drawers, $2.25 each.

SPECIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.

One lot of Ladies' fine lawn, colored embroidered initial handkerchiefs, 75c box of 6.

Toys, Games, Books, and Christmas Novelties, for all ages.

NEW TOYS FOR BOYS.

Gilbert Toys brings science down to the level of boys. Chemistry, Electrical and Telegraph Sets,—$1.00 to $3.75.

BOOKS

For Boys, Girls and Little Folks direct from the publisher at a saving to you.

Every Boy's Library	28c
Every Girl's Library	28c
Castleman Books for Boys	28c
Red Cross Girls	28c
Three Little Women Series	38c
Arizona Series	38c
Baby's Biography	50c
Juvenile Books	10c to 50c

TOYS.

Fine assortment of dolls, games and toys, and it will pay you to buy early, while you have the best assortment.

The new Tinkerbloxs, Kiddikins, Animal Kut-Ups, Miss Tillie Tinker, and Wonder Blocks, The Spoilling, Building and Toy Blocks—15c to $1.00.

Soldier Games and Cannons, 10c to $3.00.

Mechanical Toys, Trains, Trucks, Cars, Boats, Elevator, Sand Cranes, and Toys—10c to $4.00.

Drums, 50c. Dolls, 25c to $1.50. Dishes, 10c to $1.00. Paint Sets and Games, 10c to $3.75.

THE FRY COMPANY

SMETHPORT, PA.

LARABEE

Attended Silver Wedding—Motored From Shinglehouse—Attended Funeral.

Virl Dennis attended the funeral of Bert Dennis in Bradford, Pa., Saturday.

Rodney Sinar spent Sunday with his family in Turtle Point.

F. F. Cory was a business visitor in town Monday.

Dr. J. A. Woodard and daughter, Miss Sara Woodard, of Shinglehouse were over Friday, and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Carpenter. Miss Sara remained for a week's visit.

C. J. Carey was a visitor in Smethport Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Raszmann attended the Silver wedding of her brother, Mr. R. C. H. in Buffalo last week. She was accompanied by her niece Mrs. Sollenberger of Lancaster, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Coy Clow were in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Beard and Mrs. Mary Armstrong were Shinglehouse visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hayes and granddaughter, Miss Kathleen Johnson, were Bradford visitors of the latter's parents in Bradford, Pa.

L. Rosencrans was an Edensville visitor Tuesday.

Paul Thornton of Turtle Point was in town on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Lew Carpenter, daughter, Miss Nora Ley, and guest, Miss Sara Woodard were at Olean, Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Johnson attended the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Vener, in Warren, on one day last week.

Miss Ella Rice was an Olean visitor, Saturday.

F. B. Grantier of Crosby was a Thanksgiving guest of his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Raszmann.

Mrs. A. L. Crawley was an Eldred visitor, Saturday.

Harry Lackey of Pennsylvania Valley called on J. L. Raszmann, one day last week.

LA FAYETTE

Miss Rose Black Becomes Bride of Mr. Lloyd Tracy.

Mrs. Minnie England of Bradford spent a few days last week as the guest of her mother, Mrs. Frank Tenny.

J. E. Anderson has been confined to the house for a few days suffering with a lame back.

Miss Minnie Webb who has been ill of influenza is able to be out which is pleasing news to all.

Miss Rose Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Black and Mr. Lloyd Tracy Taylor son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo Taylor of this place were united in marriage on Monday December 2, at Bradford after which they left for a short wedding trip to Buffalo. Upon their return they will take up their residence in the home formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sterling, Miss Black now Mrs. Taylor is one of the most popular young ladies of the community and has been employed as clerk and bookkeeper for G. A. Taylor's store for some time. The groom is employed by the Hillcrest Oil Co. of Tarport and is a popular. The theirs may be a happy and prosperous wedded life is the earnest wishes of their many friends.

Mrs. Riley Wheeler and children, Mrs. Jewell of Jersey N. Y. are visiting the former's mother Mrs. Mary Bennett.

A. J. Bowman was a Bradford visitor Wednesday.

EAST SMETHPORT.

News From the Lively East End in Pointed Paragraphs.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Cole of Delevan were over Sunday guests of mother, Mrs Etta Bush.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goetz were Buffalo visitors a few days last week.

Miss Grace Oviatt of Olean spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Oviatt.

Mrs. Eva Meffee of Port Allegany is a guest of Mrs. Clare Crawford.

Mr. William Howe of State College spent Thanksgiving vacation with his parents here.

Mrs. George Howe has returned to her home after visiting for a few weeks.

Mr. Everett Haines is visiting her mother Mrs. Lottie Arnett of Cyclone.

Mrs. Hannah Cunningham is visiting her sister Mrs. Stanley Maines of Kane.

Mr. O. D. Bush of Lock Haven is spending a few days with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Bush.

Mrs. Wilbur Oviatt is visiting her daughter Blanche in Buffalo.

Almond Thomas has gone to Mayville where he has employment. Miss Anna Fields of Kasson has returned to her home after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Roy Dickenson.

Miss Ethel Love is a Cyclone visitor.

Miss Katherine Fay of Crosby spent Thanksgiving at her home here.

Word has been received by Mr. G. C. Douglass that his son Loy Douglass had died in France. Loy leaves many friends to mourn his death. He was a young man of excellent character and possessed many admirable qualities.

Mrs. Herman Cooper is suffering from a badly sprained ankle.

Mrs Ernest Peterson of Olean spent Tuesday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nourse.

Mr. John Baker has gone to Johnsonburg where he has employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Haines are moving their household goods to Larabee.

ELDRED

Corner Stone Laid—New Gas Line—Flu Victims.

The weather yesterday was not very congenial to out-of-door gatherings, never the less a large crowd assembled at the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Raphael's church. The Rt. Rev. Bishop John N. Gorman, D. D. L. L. was present at the ceremonies and attended to the laying of the stone. The Bishop congratulated the pastor and congregation of the local parish on their work in rebuilding in such a spirited manner in the face of present conditions. He introduced Rev. Gerald Dugan of St Andrews' church, Erie, who delivered the address and explained the mission of the ceremonies of the laying of corner stones in the construction of new church buildings. The following is a list of the visiting clergymen and the part they took in the ceremonies: Rev John E Casey of Clyde, N. Y., Deacon of Ceremonies; Rev. F. S. Doyle of, Coudersport, Sub-Deacon; Rev. Philip Waldman, O. F. M. of St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y., Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Gerald Dugan, of St. Andrew's church, Erie, Mitre Bearer; Rev. A. J. Fisher, of Sartwell, Crozier Bearer; and Rev W. E. O'Hern, of Eldred, Thurifer. There was placed in the box, in the corner stone, records of the local parish, and local and national records, a copy of the EAGLE containing an account of the fire which destroyed the church last May, and one of the last issue, together with copies of current daily papers, all of which will prove intensely interesting if the box is ever opened again. A collection taken netted over $77.

The line has been connected to the local gas company's up Rock Run and it is expected it will give the public service for which they are paying the top notch price. The test will come with the next cold snap, at which time there may be a plenty if the line don't bust.

Lloyd Lemmler, Floyd Ireland and Guy Woodmancy come home from camp this week. All of them are looking splendid and show the results of the good care Uncle Sam takes of his boys.

Raymond and Ila Ault, are sick to with the flu at the home of their parents on the Indian Creek road. Their sister, Miss Edith Ault, trained nurse, is over from Bradford taking care of them.

Mrs. Henry Miner died at Warren last week. She formerly lived at Coryville and leaves her husband, two daughters and two sons to mourn her death.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Roberts received word this week that their son Paul was in the St. Vincent hospital in Erie, sick with the influenza.—Eagle.

PORT ALLEGANY

Personal and Social Notes About Well Known People.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Downs on the Portage were injured one evening last week while driving home from Port Allegany, when an automobile ran into their carriage. Their horse ran away and they were thrown out of their carriage. The cowardly driver of the automobile did not stop but hurriedly drove from the scene of the accident.

Charles Carpenter returned the first of the week from Norfolk, Va. where he had been working. Mr. Carpenter recently injured both his wrists in a fall, but is recovering in fine shape.

Randall Laymon of the Officers' Training School at Waco, Texas., has received his honorable discharge and left there Tuesday on his return home.

Charles Todd returned the latter part of last week from an extended visit at Camp Lee and Huntington, W. Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mulholland of Akron, O., are home for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Corwin of Smethport is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. F. Grabe—Reporter-Argus.

BETULA

Influenza Stricken Town is Facing Situation Bravely.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clyne and sons Beryl and Melvin spent Thanksgiving day with Mrs. Clyne's mother, Mrs Hampton.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gallup died Sunday night of influenza and pneumonia.

Mr. Harry German of Crosby was in this place one day last week.

E. F. Manwarring of Crosby was a visitor in town Tuesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Baker were taken to the hospital Sunday.

Herman Susse and James Quirk of Smethport were in this place on professional business Monday.

It doesn't look so we would have any school this winter. The school house is turned into a hospital and at this writing, Tuesday, there are 20 patients there.

Mrs. Gerald Wilcox and Mrs. Albert Gibson of Crosby visited Mrs. Anna Grimolds in this place Tuesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Abbey and children spent Thanksgiving at Coleman Mills with Mrs. Abbey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McGowan. They returned home Monday.

Mrs. Hollingsworth, of Winslow Hill is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Losey of Keystone.

Mrs Edward Rowe spent Thanksgiving at Coudersport, with her daughter, Mrs. Lynn Emerick.

Harold Jones, of the United States Navy, spent several days here visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Swartz of Buffalo, spent Thanksgiving with Mrs Swartz's mother, Mrs Frank Blandin.

CROSBY

Called Away by Illness—Thanksgiving Visitors—Welcome School Bell.

Mr. and Mrs Earl Pixley and daughter Rene was called to Delevan last week. Mr. Pixleys father had suffered a stroke.

Miss Bernice Wilcox spent thanksgiving at her home.

Messrs Milton and Milford Marsh of Olean ate Thanksgiving dinner with their parents Mr. and Mrs Stephen Marsh.

Mr. Leon Mattison of Olean is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Hulda Comes was in Crosby Thursday.

Miss Elbert Marsh was a Smethport visitor Thursday.

F. B. Grantier visited his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Raszmann in Larabee last week.

Rev and Mrs. Edmunds and children spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Winslow.

Mrs. Clara Wilcox was a Port Allegany visitor last week and was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barrett.

Mr. Robert Culver visited his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grimolds.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. German and children were Emporium visitors last week.

Institute has been postponed again and as the result we hear the welcome school bells again.

BUSH HILL

Moved to Open Brook—Little Items Telling the Week's News.

Mrs. Anna McKiernan spent Thanksgiving with her son Michael and family of Crosby.

Miss Nellie Smith, called on her sister, Mrs. John Lyman, of Port Allegany, Wednesday.

Miss Helen Johnson spent the week end with her parents in Bradford, Pa.

Mrs. Thos Smith called on Mrs. Joseph McKiernan Tuesday.

Frank Kessler was a Smethport business visitor, Friday.

Rubin Van Sickles has moved his family to Open Brook where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Smith of West Smethport called on Mr. and Mrs Thos. Smith Sunday.

Vivan Wright of Smethport called on friends in this place Sunday.

The Messrs Floyd and Eaphron Detrander were seen on our roads Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Van Sickles were Smethport business shoppers Saturday.

Herman Cooper called on friends in this place Sunday.

Send the MINER to your friends. A nice Christmas present—one year for $2.00, six months for $1.00.